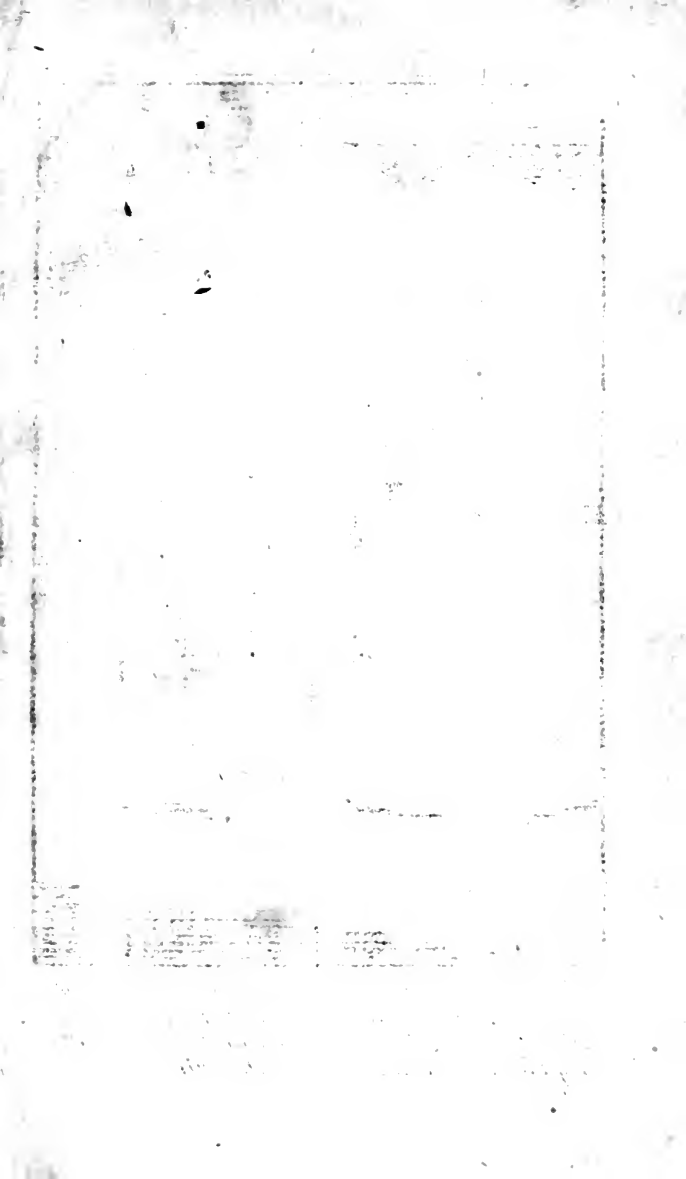




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*As Crafty Lawyers to Acquire Applauſe
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TO THE
LADIES of YORK.

LADIES,



Every Poet is indebted to the MUSES, the heavenly inspir'd Sisters, for their Productions, I think the FAIR SEX may justly claim a Title to the Poetical Essays of the Sons of APOLLO; which Debt of Gratitude I am ready to discharge, by laying, LADIES, the following Sheets at Your Feet.

*To YOU, YE FAIR, whose tender Bosoms glow,
With Gen'rous Thoughts, in easing others Wee :
To YOU, YE FAIR, to whom all Praise belongs,
Guide of my Verse, and Beauty of my Songs ;
To YOU, YE FAIR, the Muse his Homage pays,
'Tis YOU direct, 'tis YOU inspire his Lays ;
To YOU, once more, the Muse must beg Excuse,
For offering Tributes from his infant Muse ;
To YOU HE BEGS, where all the Graces meet,
That he may lay his Laurels AT YOUR FEET.*

DEDICATION.

I must acknowledge, LADIES, 'tis wholly owing to Your Generous Favours that the following Work ever made its Appearance in the World; these Parts having been so much harra's'd with Proposals for Subscriptions; and, on the other Hand, the Author under such Circumstances, that, allowing he *ever had* wrote any one Piece worthy Notice, his unhappy Situation of Affairs obliged him to conceal It, and Himself too.

If it would not be look'd on as a Forwardness in sounding my own Praise, I might, with a great deal of Truth, affirm, I have more than once been honour'd with Applause from very polite and croud'd Audiences; but, however that may be taken, if I should be so happy to please in this small Volume, I shall meet with the most agreeable Reward; from which I will no longer detain You, than to subscribe myself,

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A DISSERTATION ON *Poetry, Music, Dancing, Balls, Assemblies, Ridottos, Masquerades, Polite Conversation, Italian Strollers, &c.*

ALL Ages have in some extraordinary Manner shewn their Value and Esteem for POETRY; and all Men of true Wit and Learning have agreed in its being the noblest and most useful of the polite Arts: And even Barbarity itself has ever had its Poetry.

The Ancients paid such Respect to their Poets, that in *Greece* they were held almost sacred in their

Persons, Professions, and Works; especially the Dramatick Writers, who were always esteem'd superior to the Professors of all other Kinds of Literature, Arts, and Sciences: And *Plato* himself wrote several Tragedies, which were protected by *Dion*, who at his own Expence furnish'd the *Chorus*: Nor could *Alexander* sleep without *Homer* under his Pillow; and the *Scipio's* were so prodigiously fond of *Ennius* and *Terence*, they could scarcely live without them.

Cæsar favour'd, and was himself not the least of Poets. *Augustus* and *Mæcenas* pretended to write, as well as patronize; and flew with Raptures from the Grandeur and Cares of Empire, to the beloved Bosoms of *Virgil* and *Horace*. And *Nero* picqu'd himself more upon the Name of the best Poet, than the Fame of being follow'd as the first Man of the Universe, in all the other Gifts of Fortune; in Empire he could rather brook a Rival than in *Parnassus*; so he sacrific'd *Lucan* to his Jealousy, for writing better Verses.

The greatest Princes, and the wisest Men, thus interesting themselves so arduously in the Cause of Poetry, gave it that Spirit and Vigour we admire in the Ancients; and undoubtedly those prudent Nations never perceiv'd their Empire lessen'd, their Senses impair'd, or their Manners corrupted, by the hearty Encouragement given to that Mistress of all Arts. But, alas! on the other Hand, both *Grecians* and *Romans*, with its Fall, saw every Thing that could be dear to a brave and wise People, trampled under Foot; nor could they ever have been conquer'd, had not their Poetry first languish'd, and so stifled that Life it us'd to inspire.

I must own, our modern Poets are not to be compar'd with the Ancients, the Dramatic Writers especially; but must beg leave to add, that the Generali-
ty

ty of Players are ten times worse; and the Majority of Audiences know not whether a Play is good or bad; which brings me to consider to what Causes this Decay in Dramatic Poetry, this Looseness in Stage-Action, and this Depravity of Taste in the present Age is owing.

In the first Place, our modern Writers oftentimes make Choice of very bad Subjects for the Stage; Secondly, They manage much worse in Relation to the Effects of a Stage-Play, by writing Tragedies to make us laugh, and Comedies to make us cry; Thirdly, They are either ignorant of, or totally neglect the true Sublime; Fourthly, They trust more to tiresome Narration, than Force of Action, the most material Incidents of the Drama; which is in direct Opposition to a positive Maxim of *Horace*, that consummate Critic, and exquisite Poet; who says——*Some Things are acted, others only told; but what we hear, moves less than what we see; Spectators only have their Eyes to trust; but Auditors must trust their Ears and you.* And 'tis by this Conduct they deprive the Stage of one of its greatest Beauties; and, indeed, what we look upon as the most material Difference betwixt the *Epic* and *Dramatic* Poetry. Our Actors too must prove better Orators than we can boast of at present, if they pretend to move an Audience as much, by telling them, such and such an Affair happen'd——so and so——at that and t'other Time——as the Action itself will affect their Understandings, when faithfully represented before their Eyes.

The Ancients (who have excell'd both in Tragedy and Comedy) thought no Part of their Religion either too sacred, or solemn for the Stage: They introduc'd their greatest Mysteries with Applause; nay, made their Stage-Plays the chief Part of Wor-

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ship. Then the Stage shone out in its full Splendor, and every Man thought it his Duty to promote the Interest of those Poets and Players, who made it the Study of their Lives to convey so gently and insensibly into their Souls, a Love of Virtue, by the politest and most pleasing Amusements.

A late famous Author (who was an excellent Judge of Dramatic Poetry) says; *I believe it often happens, among our modern Writers, that an old, or a young Poet, takes Pen, Ink, and Paper——sits down to his Scrutore——or perhaps a Table——he finds it necessary to write a Play——he turns over God knows how many Volumes for a Story——or he makes one, and then——he writes a Play: The Dispute now is, must it be a Comedy, or Tragedy?——The Arguments of both Sides are weighty——It cannot be decided, the Reasons are so equal——At last he wisely counts his Buttons——or trusts to Cross and Pile——As Fortune would have it, Tragedy wins the Day: Of Consequence, we must be Spectators and Readers of that Performance in a Deluge of Tears——Another writes a Comedy by the same Rules, and wonders, that an Excess of Mirth does not crack our Voices, and split our Sides: When, alas! the World laughs at the Absurdity of the first, and is griev'd at the Stupidity of the other.*

These Gentlemen, sure, from their Infancy, have been only accustom'd to cross Purposes, and would give Pleasure to the World by Contraries! They never make the Passions their Study, and are utter Strangers to what is true Humour: Their Poetry has the same Effect upon an Audience, as the Quack's Medicines had on his Patients; he vomited one by a Purge, and purg'd another by a Vomit. So, with these Poets, 'tis Laughing and Crying still, let Tragedy or Comedy be the Cause.

There

There is another Fault to be spoken to as preposterous as the former ; in the most grave Affairs of State, you'll have a Dialogue between a Privy-Counsellor and a Jack-Pudding ; in the Recital of the most passionate Distress of Lovers, a pert Chamber-Maid will tell her Mistress a smutty Story ; in the same Scene you'll have a Husband killing his beloved Wife ; and a rampant Widow caterwauling for a Husband ; or the Fates of Empires and Republics toss'd up with the Humours of *Purgatory* and *Bedlam*. Thus in Matters of the greatest Moment to Mankind, in Virtue, Policy, or Love, the Whole will be so larded with the lowest, most nauseous Farce, that a sensible Spectator is readier to puke, than pity the unfortunate Hero, or suffering Fair !

It should be a Poet's chief Care to keep up to Nature as close as possible, because the more naturally Things are represented on the Stage, the more shocking, or agreeable they prove, according to the Heinousness, or Innocence, of the Fact. How can we shew a just Abhorrence of that Crime we sleep over when 'tis told ? Let the Representation be faithful, and every Passion is rous'd ; the Sight blows up the Coals of Indignation, and rivets a Detestation in our Souls.

Thus much have I presum'd to say to Dramatic Poetry, but submit my Thoughts on this Head, and all others, to Persons of more Judgment and Learning.

Of all the fine Arts (Poetry excepted) none has exceeded Music, or shewn a great Genius in a more distinguish'd Way ; and as Poetry has the Advantage of delivering to its Readers, or Hearers, the finest Precepts of Morality, in the most insinuating Manner ; so, by pleasing, it instructs ; which is, no

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Doubt, the Reason our Operas have met with so much Success, because you may there enjoy a finish'd, regular Fable, accompanied with the most exquisite Harmony.

As to the Antiquity of these Half Sisters, I shall not here presume to make any Parallel; but by all Accounts, sacred and prophane, both are very antient; tho' most Writers give Music the Preference; However, this we are certain of, that in all Ages of the World, nothing has shewn a greater Power over the Passions in general, than Music.

—Music's the Cordial of a troubl'd Breast—

It commands the Soul, and moulds the Heart at Will; it forces Mankind to be gay or grave; amorous or religious; effeminate or brave; according to its Beauty, Justness, or Variety: The Master's Skill inspiring us with Sentiments artfully thrown into our Minds, and all over our Bodies, by thrilling Notes, and captivating Sounds.

Now, since a compleat Opera is a regular Musical Drama, it will not be amiss to enquire into the Origin of those harmonious Compositions; tho' I fear it will prove a difficult Task; for *Dryden* (who has given us three *English* Operas in a different Taste) owns, he could not, by the nicest Scrutiny, get any just Light, either as to the Time, or the first Inventors of them. He imagines, that the *Italians*, observing the Gallantries of the *Spanish Moors*, at their *Zambras*, or Royal Feasts, (where Music, Songs, and Dancing were in Perfection) might have refin'd upon those Moresque Amusements, and produce this pleasing Kind of
Drama,

Drama, by leaving out the warlike Part, and forming a poetical Design, to introduce more naturally the Machines, Music, and Dances. But, says he; however Operas began, Music has for some Centuries flourish'd principally in *Italy*. This great Poet afterwards recants, and says (in a Postscript to the Preface of *Albion* and *Albanus*) that possibly the *Italians* went not so far as *Spain* for the Invention of their Operas; they might have taken the Hint at Home, and formed this Drama, by gathering up the Shipwrecks of the *Græcian* and *Roman* Theatres, which were adorn'd with Music, Scenes, Dances, and Machines, especially the *Græcian*; adding, that tho' they are a modern Invention, they are built on the Foundation of *Ethnic* Worship.

While I am tracing the Original of Operas, it will not be amiss to take some Notice of the Music of the Ancients. The prodigious Force of Sounds we often meet with in all their Poets, exaggerated to the most miraculous Degree, and stretched beyond the Bounds of Probability: But we are sensible, that with them every Thing was envelop'd in mysterious Allegories. Thus moral Instructions were convey'd to the People in the Fables of *Amphion's* Lute's building the Walls of *Thebes*; *Orpheus's* Lute's taming the most savage Beasts; and *Arion's* Harp's charming the Monsters of the Deep into a Tenderness unknown to Mankind. Yet, setting all Fiction aside, this we may take for granted, that the trembling Strings, touch'd by *David's* artful Hand, calm'd into Gentleness the raging Tyranny of froward *Saul*; and the Conqueror of the World was subdu'd by *Timotheus's* Notes, the skilful Matter raising and lowering his Spirits, or whirling him from Passion to Passion, just as he pleas'd to exert his Power.

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Voices were likewise in great Request with the Ancients, and were frequently used at the most public Festivals, Marriages, Funerals, &c. and even in War. We also find the Names of many Instruments on Record; as Organs, Drums, Trumpets, Tymbrels, Cymbrels, Lutes, Harps, Lyres, Dulcimers, and all Sorts of Pipes, but particularly the Flute, which was the Instrument principally made use of at all solemn Games, or indeed at all Seasons, where either Grief or Joy required the Relief or Assistance of Music. Of Flutes there were many different Kinds, which were varied as the Occasion demanded, *viz.* the *Phrygian*, the *Lydian*, the *Carian*, or the *Myfian*.

I am now come to mention the Rise and Progress of Operas in *England*; the first of which, as I'm inform'd, was perform'd in the Time of the Great Rebellion; when Hypocrisy was call'd Religion; Anarchy, Government; and Enthusiasm, Wit. Sir *William d'Avenant's* Poetical Genius being debarred from entertaining the Town with the usual Theatrical Representations, he, under the Notion of an innocent musical Performance, introduc'd the *Siege of Rhodes*, in Two Parts; the Model of which was rather taken from the *French*, than *Italian* Operas.

After the Restoration, we had at different Times several Entertainments, which were then stiled Dramatic Operas; and were, indeed, regular Stage-Plays, larded with Pieces of occasional Music, Vocal and Instrumental, proper to the Fable.

The only Merit those Dramatic Entertainments could boast of, was their claiming a Kind of Resemblance to the old *Grecian* Tragedy and Chorus; and could they have supply'd the necessary Expences essential to the Grandeur of such a Design,

I must own their Performance wou'd have proved no bad Imitation even of the *Grecian* Stage in its greatest Lustre.

In this State remain'd our Theatrical Music for several Years; 'till Mr. *Clayton* arriv'd from *Italy*, and introduc'd Operas after the Manner of that Country, the Words *English*, and the Airs *Italian*. These succeeded tolerably well, till an *Italian* Singer or two crept in by Degrees, to charm us with something new and unintelligible; and soon after, entire *Italian* Operas were brought on the Stage, both as to Language, Music, and Performers, which gradually has work'd them up to that high Pitch they now shine triumphant in; and had we not thus unhappily lost the favourite *Farnelli*, we should have excell'd any Thing *Italy* ever knew (as to one particular Stage) both in Composition and Performance.

I hope none of my Readers will be surpriz'd, if I declare, that I am so far charm'd with our present Operas, tho' perform'd in *Italian*, that I look upon them as compleat Entertainments in their Way; that is, as to the last Degree perfect, as to the Article of Music, which is the only Point they aim at: Tho' I am not insensible that their being perform'd in a foreign Tongue disgusts many of my Countrymen; who never consider, that the *Italian* Language is the most proper to be join'd to Sounds, as *Dryden* very justly observes; " All, says he, who are conversant in that noble Language, the *Italian*, cannot but observe, that it is the softest, sweetest, and most harmonious, not only of any modern Tongue, but even beyond any of the Learned. It seems to have been invented not only for Poetry, but Music; the Vowels so abounding in all Words, especially in the Terminations, that, excepting

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“ cepting a few Monosyllables, the whole Language
 “ ends in them. Then their Pronunciation is so fo-
 “ norous, that their very Speaking has more Music
 “ in it, than *Dutch* Poetry and Song: And, if we
 “ must call it barbarous, it is the most beautiful and
 “ most learned of any Barbarism in the Modern
 “ Tongues.”

I know the severe, deep-read Critics will likewise object to the Simplicity of the Subjects, and the Lowness of most of the Characters; our present Operas being generally form'd upon Plans of the greatest Events, and most celebrated Parts of History. To this I answer, that we are not oblig'd to be always ty'd down to Affairs of that vast Moment, some Stories of an inferior Rank allowing as proper Entertainments, as just Morality, as tender Sentiments, as where we dwell entirely upon the Fates of Kings and Kingdoms: Nay, some of the best Tragedies belonging to the *English* Stage, are founded entirely upon the Distress of low Life, and the Misfortunes of private Families.

Dryden allows, that tho' the Persons represented in Operas are generally Gods, Goddeses, and Heroes, who are suppos'd to be their peculiar Care; yet this hinders not, but that meaner Persons may sometimes gracefully be introduc'd; especially if, by Reason of their Innocence, those happy Mortals were suppos'd to have had a more familiar Intercourse with superior Beings; and therefore Shepherds might reasonably be admitted, as of all Callings the most innocent, and most happy; and who, by Reason of their almost idle Employment, had most Leisure to make Verses, and to make Love; without which Passion, no Opera can possibly subsist.

I come now to treat of DANCING, which both sacred and prophane Histories talk much of; it being held

held in great Esteem from the Beginning of Time to this Day; * and 'tis said, to a Dance and a Song, in Honour of *Bacchus*, we owe the Rise of all Stage Entertainments.

We learn from* the Most Reverend Archbishop *Potter's Antiquities of Greece*, that from the most antient Times, Music and Dancing were the principal Diversions at all Entertainments; and that, in every Step of private Life, Dancing was particularly esteem'd an Accomplishment becoming all Persons of Honour and Wisdom.

In *Pindar*, *Apollo* is called, by Way of Excellence, *The Dancer*; and in *Homer*, he plays upon his Harp, and dances at the same Time: Nay, *Jupiter* himself, in the Fragment of an old *Greek* Poem, is usher'd in, as the Father of Gods and Men, in a Minuet Step. And if we look into History, we shall find that even *Brutus*, *Cataline*, *Julius Caesar*, *Marc Anthony*, &c. were prefer'd more to their Fellow-Citizens for their Dancing, than any martial Exploit:

'Tis certain Dancing is much ancients than any Author, *Grecian* or *Roman*, makes out. If we judge by any Light they give us into that Affair, it was first us'd in Religious Worship, at least publickly. Now, as *Rome* had its Religion, Morals, Laws, and every Thing polite or useful, from *Old Greece*; on the other Hand, *Greece* was as much indebted, for all these valuable Blessings, to *Old Egypt*; at least, for the principal Part, however the Whole may be disputed.

But as no Man can deny the vast Veneration the Antients, on all Occasions, profess'd for Dancing, I need.

* *Exod.* xv. 26. *Judges* xi. 34. xxi. 21.
1 *Sam.* xix. 5. 2 *Sam.* vi. from *Ver.* 14 to 17.

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need not be too copious on that Head, or lay too weighty a Stress of Argument, where there is but a small Foundation for Dispute. To be too prolix in tracing it to the remotest Ages of Antiquity, would be amusing the World with trifling Flourishes, and cutting Capers to very little Purpose.

I just hinted before, that the God *Bacchus*, having first brought the Art of planting Grapes into Greece, *Icarius* (to whom he imparted the Secret) finding a Goat too free with his Grapes, sacrificed the Beast to the Honour of that Deity; and at the same Time gave an Entertainment of Music and Dancing. This Solemnity pleas'd, and grew into an annual Custom, every Year adding something new to the first Plan; and the Poets intermeddling with the Affair, first added an Actor; another two; the next three; 'till by Degrees, and new modelling, it was so far improv'd, that at last it ended in a regular Tragedy; and that which was only design'd as a Sacrifice, became a finish'd Stage-Play.

I have already shewn, that the old *Romans* beheld Dancing with the most favourable Eye, both in their religious Worship, and civil Amusements. The most esteemed Tribe of Priests were called *Salii*, from *Saliendo*, Dancing: Nay, they were founded by *Numa* himself, the *Roman Licurgus*. At their yearly Procession (which was one of the most splendid Sights of *Old Rome*) they travers'd all the Streets with nimble Notions, prodigious Agility, and handsome Turns of the Body; as we are inform'd by several learned Authors.

As to our present State of Dancing, it is so well known already, I need not trouble the Reader on that Head: I shall only observe, those Gentlemen or Ladies are not look'd upon as polite, who can't dance: And 'tis to this great Love for Dancing, all our
Masquerades,

Masquerades, Ridottos, Balls, Assemblies, &c. owe their Success; which different Kind of Entertainments, I'm satisfy'd, have given as much Distaste to some, as Delight and Satisfaction to others.

But Justice commands me to censure the Proceedings of both Parties: The first, for maintaining its Cause where its Freedoms are unbounded, and its Errors manifest; the other, for blindly striking at the Foundation, without Regard to those Advantages which may be drawn from its Influence on the World.

I may venture to affirm, that these Kinds of Entertainments will form, in those who frequent them, the truest Judgment of all Parts in polite Life; sharpen them to the finest Edge of Wit, properly set for the genteelest Conversation, and be the surest Guide in conducting them to Perfection in all the liberal Arts: So that a Masquerade may be depended upon as a perpetual Fund of good Sense; the Whet-Stone of Repartee, and a real Academy of Sciences.

The various Characters that are there seemingly represented; the different Inclinations, Desires and Interests that fill every Breast, and that Medley of Nations, Languages and Judgments, must form the most agreeable Mixture of Conversation imaginable, giving every one a true Taste of easy Dialogue, and of Consequence, inspiring them with a sprightly Turn, and fixing the Standard of each Member's talking pertinently in his Character or Profession.

In one Corner may be heard a Consultation of Physicians, determining Life and Death; their Heads full of Receipts, and Mouths of hard Words; all agreeing in the Ends of their Patients, but differing in the Ways thither. In another, a noisy Bench
of

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of Lawyers, torturing and commenting upon old Charters, Statutes, Deeds, Records, Wills, &c. and spitting at one another, Judgments, Arrests, Scire Facias, Noli-prosequi's, Demurrers, &c.

Here you may 'spy a Tribe of Natural Philosophers, weighing Air, making Experiments on Puppy Dogs; boasting of their Mummies, venomous Animals, and monstrous Births; astonish'd at the wonderful Variety of Nature in Minerals, Fossils, Shells, &c. There a Group of Virtuosi, poring their Eyes out on Medals, Seals, &c. praising every Thing antique, damning every Thing modern; and reducing what is beautiful in this World to still Life, in Pictures, Statues, Bass-Relieves, and other Curiosities of Art.

In one Room they'll find a Circle of Mathematicians, surrounded with Globes, Quadrants, Sectors, Dials, Microscopes, Telescopes, &c. demonstrating the Proportions of Lines, Figures of Squares, Angles, Cones, Numbers, Measures, &c. explaining the Problems of *Euclid*, and making the Difficulties of Algebra easy to the meanest Capacity. In another, they may see a Troop of military Men forming Camps, ordering Battles, quartering Soldiers, laying Sieges, raising Blockades; nothing to be heard but Thunder, Blood, Fire, Batteries, Bombardments, and great Guns.

In this Apartment a Band of musical Gentlemen will be very loud, with Concords and Discords, Flats and Sharps, Crotchets and Quavers, Times and Movements, Air and Composition. In that a double Line of Poets will be no less noisy in matching Crambo's, weighing Cadences, and trying Words, like Earthen Pipkins, by the Sound, to prove their Goodness. Here a Man may learn to rhyme, fill Rocket-Books with Thoughts, for Ode, Pastoral, Elegy.

Elegy, or Epigram; and perhaps some Sentences, proper for the Epic or Dramatic.

One of the wisest *Grecian* Philosophers (in his Regulation of that Commonwealth, whose Rules were the most strictly severe) favoured this Kind of Entertainment so much, that he established a Sort of *Ridotto*, in which the young People of both Sexes promiscuously met, in order to provoke them to Matrimony.

A late Presbyterian Parson said in a Bridal Sermon, to a youthful Congregation; *My Beloved, it signifieth not, though your Wives be young, lovely, virtuous and religious, if they be not Fir Wives; therefore look ye out with Care for Fir Wives, and then you will become as one Body.* Now, where can any Man so properly try to catch a Fir Wife, as at a Masquerade? — If he loves Reservedness, there are *Spanish* Prudes; wou'd he have Life and Air? there are *French* Coquets; hunts he after Innocence? there are Milk-Maids, and Shepherdesses; is ignorant Youth his Game? there are large Babies in Leading Strings; covets he Riches? there are venerable Matrons, old and ugly; does he think Knowledge convenient? there are Widows, just come from their Husbands Funerals; seeks he the obedient Slave? there are *Turkish* Ladies, just elop'd from the Seraglio; is Religion alone his Aim? there are Nuns and Quakers; but would he have all Perfections in one Habit? there are Domines.

Before I conclude, it will be expected I should say something more of the *Ridotto*, which is indeed a tolerable pretty Jumble of Music, Dancing, Gaming, &c. but, at best, a bare-fac'd Masquerade, where People are admitted disguis'd, *without a Visard*, and hide their Hearts by their *natural Faces*. In short, a *Ridotto* is as stupidly insipid, as a Masquerade

18 *The* CURIOSITY; Or,

querade is wittily brilliant; where one may find Love without Gallantry; a numerous Assembly, without Life or Gaiety; and Conversation without Wit.

Since I am got into this Road of Amusements, my Readers may be desirous, that I should not pass by Drawing-Rooms, Assemblies, &c. without calling in; but as these Entertainments are of a private Nature, I shall only remark, they are upon as dull a Footing as Ridottos, if not worse; where Honour and Respect are gain'd by a fortunate Card, or a lucky Cast; where good Sense and Breeding are measur'd by the Sounds of Titles, and Shew of Fortune; where Scandal and a Grin are taken for Wit and genteel Behaviour; where Brocade and Embroidery make the *fine Lady* and *fine Gentleman*; and, lastly, where a common Sharper, with a long Purse of Gold, is admitted as an Equal to the first Peer in the Kingdom.





A D R A M A T I C
DIALOGUE SONG,

*Wrote for the Entertainment of
His Royal Highness the Prince of
WALES.*

Tune, Round Ear'd Cap, &c.

M A N.

STAY, dearest Maiden fair,
Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Air,
The very Soul ensnare,
Sincerely.

That Glance has sent a Dart
Quite thro' my glowing Heart,
I feel the tingling Smart,
Severely.

W O M A N.

Dear Sir, I'm none of the Town,
That will ——— for Half a Crown ———
Obligingly lay down,
To please you.

Your

20 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Your Cant of Flame and Dart,
Shall never wound my Heart,
For your pretended Smart,

To ease you.

C H A N G E.

M A N.

Come, prithee, my Dear,
Away to the Fair,
And taste the Delight
Of e'ery fine Sight,

Inviting.

With me you will find,
To Mirth all inclin'd,
Songs, Fiddles, and Jokes,
And gay, merry Folks,

Delighting.

We'll thence to the Tavern,
Where, in a fly Cavern,
We'll toy and be frisky!
By *Jove*, I'll so whisk ye!
So mould you! so fold you!
Your Beauty my Passion,
And warm Inclination,

Exciting.

W O M A N.

W O M A N.

What if the Sport shou'd
Inflame my young Blood?
While wanton Desire,
To quench Love's Fire,

Directs me.

And shou'd you not prove
To answer my Love,
But a fumbling Beginner,
And worn-out old Sinner,
With mumbling and grumbling,
A Flash in the Pan, Sir,
And nothing of Man, Sir,
'Twou'd perplex me!

M A N.

Receive, by this Kiss,
An Earnest of Bliss,
And trust to a youthful

Endeavour.

W O M A N.

Oh! pish!—nay, pray, fie!
I cannot comply!
I never can do it!

No never—

M A N.

22 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

M A N.

Come, come, by this Hand,
The Bargain must stand;
I must have Recourse,
Dear Charmer, to Force,
Spight of your denying,

I'll try you.

W O M A N.

Come, come, by this Hand,
The Bargain won't stand;
If, void of Remorse,
You'll do it by Force,
How shall I be able

To fly you?



Forlorn Hope: Or, Old Maid's Sighs.

In Imitation of STERNHOLD and HOPKINS.

I.

MUCH vex'd in Mind, did *Sylvia* say,
To *Lucia*, on her Birth-Day,
How cursed is that Maiden's Fate,
Who lives unwed 'till Thirty-eight.

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis true, says *Lucia*, help us Lord;
And then she lac'd her Waist up;
What is't we've done? they both reply'd,
That Man we must not taste of!

III.

But add to this the oddest Thing,
And mind how it was carried,
Just at this Time runs *Celia* in,
And tells them, *She was marry'd.*

IV.

Married, says *Sylvia*! *Lucia* next,
Throws Wonders out in Plenty;
You see our Patience, they reply'd,
But you must wed e'er Twenty!

V.

To tell the Truth, says the young Bride,
E'er Fifteen I arriv'd at,
Oh! how I wish'd!—I long'd,
To have my Man in Private.

VI.

Betty * turn'd out, *Celia* began
To tell what Joys she'd tasted!
O lovely! pleasant Night! said she,
How quickly it was wasted!

VII. But

* *The Chambermaid.*

VII.

But here my Muse must draw a Veil,
 And hide what happen'd after,
 Lest some shou'd call me waggish Bard,
 (Tho' sily they wou'd laugh, Sir).

VIII.

To end this Tale, fair *Celia* begs,
 (And hopes it will be granted)
 That she might to her Bridegroom go,
 For fear she shou'd be wanted.

IX.

They crav'd her Patience for a while,
 But, oh ; they begg'd in vain ;
 For go she wou'd, to *ease his Wants*,
 And then she'd come again.

X.

I wish some abler Pen than mine
 Wou'd here take up the Story,
 For 'tis, I fear, beyond my reach,
 To lay it all before ye.

XI.

Lucia and *Sylvia* now fall out,
 And have most fullen Qualms ;
 They make it up, and both agree,
 To end the Night with Psalms.

XII.

L—d hear our Prayers, they loudly call,
As Life is but a Span,
We humbly beg, that we may taste,
That God-like Creature, Man!



The Assembly: Or, York Beauties.

LET other Poets prostitute their Muse,
And, like a Hackney-Horse, serve ev'ry Use;
Let *Pope* write Satire, oft as he's inclin'd,
And make new *Dunciads*, for to lash Mankind;
Let H—y * write, what ne'er was taught in
Schools,

'Till he appears—the Quintessence of Fools!

Let others scourge his most insipid Chat,
With new Editions of—*A Tit for Tat* †,
And C—r make new Odes, on G—d knows what!

Let *Savage* ‡ write, in voluntary Way,
And far eclipse the Jack-As now in Pay,
In hopes 'twill be his own another Day;

B

Let

* *Epistle to a certain Doctor.*

† *A sharp Satire on Lord H—y.*

‡ *Voluntary Poet Laureat.*

26 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Let B——s write, Men must forbear to sin on,
'Till they have prov'd, Themseves have no Reli-
gion ;

Let wretched Writers, in more wretched Cause,
Extol the ——, Sir R——t, and the L——s!

Let each, I say, in his own Way proceed,
'Till *Caleb's* sick, and *Common Sense* does bleed!

Let 'em, I say, in endless Discords jar,
And swear 'tis Peace, though 'tshou'd be open
War!

Let 'em write on, 'till they can end the Strife,
(*But not a Word of Pensions for your Life*)

While I, with Thoughts more pleasing, set me
down,

And mean no Harm, to *Minister*, or *Crown*.

Oh! aid, *Parnassus*! help th' Muse along,

Ennerve his Numbers, beautify his Song!

To You, ye Fair! he dedicates his Lays;

'Tis You inspire, 'tis You deserve his Praise!

Chear'd by Your Smiles, he all Things else disdains,
Your Beauty scatters, either Crowns, her Chains.

View then, Spectator! view those spacious
Piles, *

Where Beauty centres, and Good-nature smiles!

Assist me, Muses, ever-tuneful Nine,

To make th' Beauties, and th' Artist shine;

And

* *The Assembly in Blake-Street.*

And let not DRAKE, O venerable Name!
Lie thus unback'd, in writing *Yorkshire's* Fame;
I'll sing of Beauties, and th' Building's Fame,
Lasting as Time, and deathless as his Name!
I'll give the Artist of this Pile complete
(Where the *Corinthian* and *Composite* meet)
All that to Art is due——

But what these Buildings! what this mighty Din!
To Nature's Buildings! Beauties that's within!
Be this my Task; and DRAKE must, sure! resign,
When all *Parnassus* aids my grand Design.

“ Beauty! thou sweet Reformer of Mankind!
“ Polish'd by thee, the Clown becomes refin'd;
“ The Haughty humble, and the Rude well bred,
“ The Tim'rous valiant, and the Bold afraid.
“ Chear'd by thy Smiles, the Wretch forgets his
 Woe,
“ And from thy Frowns our tenderest Sorrows flow.
“ Aw'd in thy Presence, Fops and Smarts forbear,
“ With Jests obscene, to wound the modest Ear.
“ For thee the Warrior bears the rough Campaign,
“ Nor knows to tremble, but at thy Disdain.
“ Inspir'd by thee, our latent Worth appears,
“ A brave Ambition fires our early Years
“ To rise in Merit, or polite to shine,
“ And all our greatest, worthiest Deeds are thine.

28 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

See fair *Corinna*, with resistless Grace,
Swim in soft Dance! to whom each Nymph gives
Place:

And view *Cassandria*, oh! that killing Eye!
That Rose! that Lilly! in its fairest Dye!
That Face! that Shape! that Smile's Mankind's
Delight!

Here all the Charms of Face and Shape unite——
In fair *Mirtilla*, see each Female Charm,
The Eye to ravish, or the Heart to warm;
Fair in her Form, still fairer in her Mind;
With Beauty Wisdom, Sense with Sweetness
join'd;

Adorn'd with all that's charming to the Sight,
At once our Admiration and Delight——
In *Sylvia* (beaut'ous Frame) meets ev'ry Grace,
Soft, blooming Beauty blushing in her Face,
With all the Graces sparkling in her Eyes,
And Love in Ambush on her Bosom lies:
An easy Smile adorns her lovely Mein;
Gay sparkling Beauty in her Eyes are seen!
And who but sees her smile, or hears her speak,
Find there are Charms that dwell not in the Cheek.
Charms! far before the Beauties of the Skin,
The Life of Beauty rises from within;

Flows

Flows from the Soul, and animates the Breast,
In Words and Actions, Looks and Smiles express'd.

Such melting Sweetness! such a Heaven of Love!
Again might tempt, but ne'er would yield to
Love.

Turn then, ye Swains, from Nymphs that you despise,

And here, with Emulation, fix your Eyes.
Love sure an Image paints in ev'ry Breast,
And each pursues the Picture there express'd;
The Fair, the Black, the Brown, have all their
Charm,

Their different Beauties, different Bosoms warm.
Thus to the Fair I dedicate my Song,
To whom my noblest, sweetest Strains belong.





A N
E S S A Y
O N
RIDICULE,
And the MEANS to avoid it.

WHatever Censure this little Work may meet with hereafter, in other Points, I hope my Readiness to oblige those Gentlemen, who have honour'd me with Subscriptions, on the various Particulars by them requir'd, will safely secure me from any Charge of Ingratitude. And, as I would most carefully avoid such Imputation, I cannot well enter upon the above Subject, without acknowledging the generous Favours I have received from the Gentleman who order'd this small Essay, by his stirring greatly in my Interest (tho' unknown) and doing me the Honour to make a large Addition to my List of Subscribers. And tho' I should be so unhappy to fall short of the wish'd for Beauties of Eloquence and fine Language, I rest well assur'd, it will be pass'd by with a great deal of Good-nature, notwithstanding, at best, the Reader may say with *Martial*:

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocra, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis*—————

i. e. Amongst what you read, there are some good, some tolerable, but more bad.

Monsieur *Richlieu* says, A Man that sets up for a Publick Writer, shou'd have a large Portion of Wit, Humour and Learning; that he must be Master of Eloquence, and write in a free and unaffected Stile: And yet, says he, with all these fine Qualifications, or any other that Nature can bestow on a human Creature, it will be impossible for him to cut a Figure in any Thing he writes; nay, adds he, I have known very insipid Pieces come from the most celebrated Writers——

I hope the Reader will not imagine, by giving M. *Richlieu's* Thoughts on Publick Writers, that I mean to lay Claim to the fine Qualifications he recommends as necessary for such a Person; no, far be it from me; if I should have the Happiness to please, I'm well assur'd, it must be either owing to Chance, or, (at best) some few Parts Nature has bestow'd upon me, more than to Learning, Wit, or Humour. Indeed, I must confess, the above Passage of that ingenious *Frenchman's* gave me some small Encouragement to proceed on my Subject; for tho' an ill natur'd Critic should take it in his Head to declare it an insipid Piece, I have this great Author's Words for it, that much abler Pens than mine have come under the like Censure. However, I must beg Leave to observe, the Subject will bear but little Argument, nor give much Satisfaction to the Reader, tho' handled by the most able Writer.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius & melius, magnus plerumq; secat res.

i. e. A Jest (merry Drollery, or to act in a smooth, good-natur'd Way, &c.) *sometimes* puts an End to weighty Controversies (Matters, &c.) better than sharp and severe Expressions (or resenting Things in a more ill natur'd Manner, &c.)

This old Phrase, like most others, will not serve without Exception; and no doubt but it will plainly appear so to every Reader (*SOMETIMES puts an End to, &c.*) If I was acquainted in what Manner my kind Correspondent wou'd have me treat the present Subject, I should then, perchance, do it more agreeable to his Wish; but, as the Case now stands, I'm left in Doubt after what Manner to proceed; if he would apply these Words of *Horace* to Youth only, no doubt but it would stand good in a more general Way; it being beyond Dispute, that mild Usage has gain'd more Votaries to Learning, than the most severe Treatment.

But then, on the other Hand, I must not, by any Means, leave this Passage of *Horace* as a Standard on all Occasions, Experience having taught me otherwise: And I think *Pliny* agrees with my Sentiments on this Occasion, when he says,

Ut in vita sic in studiis, pulcherrimum & humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemq; miscere; ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam, procedat.

i. e. As in Life, so in Study, I esteem it the best and most human Thing to mingle Mildness and Severity, so that the one may not run into Melancholly, nor the other into Wantonness.

Not but I could bring several Instances to support the above Lines of *Horace*, and prove that
Affairs

Affairs of great Consequence have happily ended in a Jest, after all severe Methods had been practis'd without Success; and, indeed, I don't know of any Thing more *a-propos* to my present Purpose, than that of Cardinal *Abdeni*, who being so intolerably indispos'd with an Imposthume in his Throat, that all his Physicians had given him over, on which his Relations, and those about him, began to provide for themselves; in short, they were so mercenary, they had stripp'd the unhappy Cardinal of every Thing that was valuable, which he perceiv'd, but could not help himself. I should have observ'd, indeed, his Eminency had a Monkey, which he took a great Liking to on Account of the many merry Pranks he had play'd; and during his Indisposition he would have it in his Chamber to divert him. This cunning Creature, perceiving all very busy for themselves, at length he fixes his Eyes on the Cardinal's Cap, which he directly took Possession of, clapt it on his Head, and immediately repairs to the Glass, to see how it became him; which threw the Cardinal into such a Fit of Laughing, that it broke the Imposthume, and he recover'd immediately, to the great Mortification of those who wish'd the Enjoyment of his Effects.

I think the above Circumstance makes good the Words of this great Poet, *viz.* That a Jest oftentimes brings Matters to a better End, than more severe Usage. But that Things do not always end happily in *Jesting*, I can prove from many Circumstances; nor need I go far for one, which I believe every Man is as well acquainted with as myself; and I am ready to appeal to any Person of Common Sense, whether our M——s have not *jested*, 'till we are

34 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

become *the Jest of the whole World!* 'till they have *jested* us out of our *Trade, Liberty, and Courage!* and, indeed, 'till we are *daily insulted* by those who [FORMERLY] wou'd *tremble* to hear an *Englishman* nam'd; so that I may well say, they have *carry'd the Jest too far*; and which more plainly appears from the Conduct of our Neighbours (the *Dutch**) who being too well acquainted with those we have thus *unfortunately* been so *long jesting with*, ever to make use of such *pacific Measures*, have gain'd more Credit, and *secur'd* their *Rights, Liberty, Trade, &c.* much better by some Messengers from the *Cannon's Mouth*, than ever we can propose to do from all the *Jesting we are Masters of.*

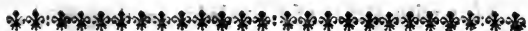
Our Neighbours very justly took the Hint, from our *bad Success in Jestings*, never to pursue such Measures themselves; so that they have fulfill'd the Lines in the Old Ballad of the *Lady's Fall*——

*Learn to be wise from others Harm,
And you shall do full well.*

From all which it appears, that tho' *Jesting, Good-humour, &c.* may answer very well in *some Cases*, yet it will certainly fail of Success in *others.*

* *This was written when the News arrived, that some Dutch Men of War had taken two Spanish Guarda Costa's in the West-Indies, and bang'd the whole Crew, for taking some Dutch Ships without a Commission from the Catholick King, &c.*

The



The Progress of a Female Rake.

An Epistle from LIBERTINA to SYLVIA. In
which is contain'd, *The A-la-mode System.*

*Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take,
But every Woman is, at Heart, a Rake. POPE.*

WHILE you, my Dear, with Philosophic
Eyes,

Look with Contempt, on all beneath the Skies;

Of Wisdom fond, the diff'rent Orbs survey,

And count the Stars which form the milky Way:

Who like a *Solomon*, by Age grown wise,

Can Pleasures past most prudently despise;

Gravely pronounce all Vanity, which you

By Years deny'd, no longer can pursue:

Who with much Reading can, at length, discover

That Fifty is no Charm t'engage a Lover——

Say; did you quit this odious vicious Town

While you'd a Charm which you cou'd name your
own?

Nay, while with Art, you could your Face repair,

Or Black-lead Combs disguise the whit'ning Hair?

If this is, *Sylvia*, as you know it, true,

You fled no Pleasure; Pleasure fled from you.

Why

36 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

Why with Desire of Knowledge art thou fir'd?
 Why, but to be some other Way admir'd?
 No more thy Beauties can exact our Praise,
 And mimick Virtue must new Trophies raise.

From Piles of Books, this single Truth does flow,
 Our Search is Folly; and we nothing know:
 Thro' tedious Study, Men to Age advance,
 And labour, but to learn their Ignorance.
 In Native Blindness let me then remain,
 And save myself an Age of useless Pain!
 This I conceive full well by Nature's Light;
 No Finite can take in the Infinite.
 To seek to know what Heav'n conceals, is vain,
 Should we suppose the Search is not prophane—
 Why in a Cockle don't we try to keep
 The wat'ry Mountains of the briny Deep?
 Th' Attempt's not fonder than to hope to see
 Into the Secrets of Eternity.

Here we are plac'd, but know not how, nor why
 We now exist, and are decreed to die;
 Whether, hereafter, we shall live again,
 Revive to endless Joy, or endless Pain;
 Whether, in other Forms we shall be bound,
 Or be for ever in Oblivion drown'd;
 In Bodies suited to the Element,
 In Air, in Fire, or else in Seas be pent;

Or

Or to some other Planet wing our Flight,
Which from some other Sun receives its Light:
Whether, for us, there is a Heav'n or Hell,
School-Men may guess, and so may I as well.

'Till Time has stol'n the Light'ning from her
Eyes,
Sylvia was never known to moralize;
She gave a Loose to ev'ry gay Desire,
And own'd the tender Flame she cou'd inspire;
No priestly Doubts could on her Joys break in,
Imprudence only was a mortal Sin:
By Conscience undisturb'd, she calmly slept;
And Virtue suffer'd nought—the Secret kept.

Think not that I from Virtue e'er will stray,
By chusing Fops, whose Vanities betray.
Virtue, we know, subsists in other's Thought,
And she is virtuous, who was never caught:
Our Virtue then, is Prudence in our Choice,
On that alone depends the public Voice:
You, ever chaste, a Groupe of Youths enjoy'd,
But one Intrigue, *Mirtilla's* Fame destroy'd.
The World by Outside judges, and we see
Fame takes its Rise from what we seem to be:
A Vestal thus, Imprudence shall undo,
While Caution makes a Vestal——ev'n of you.

Cou'd

Cou'd we but see the World, without Disguise,
 What Numbers should we find of living Lies!
 What wanton Female Saints! what praying Knaves!
 What coward Heroes! and what virtuous Slaves!
 What *Athiests* dreading what they don't believe!
 What pious Teachers, laughing in their Sleeve!
 What Men of Honour, scheming to betray
 The thoughtless Heir, and ruin him by Play!
 What wealthy Bankrupts, who by Outside live,
 What upright —, who by — thrive!
 What pious Bawds! what honourable Pimps!
 What lustful Stoics! and what holy Imps!

We all act diff'rent Parts from what we are,
 And from our Playing gain our Character.
 To hit the Mean, demands both Care and Art,
 Some play below, and some o'er-act their Part:
 Thus *Indola*, impatient of Restraint,
 Reveals the Wanton, while she apes the Saint.
Vesana, wou'd a modern Pattern be
 Of Moderation and Humility:
 Twice ev'ry Day she'll public Pray'rs frequent,
 Her Patience such, she can no Wrongs resent;
 Revenge! oh, fie! 'tis what she ne'er did seek,
Vesana is forbearing, just, and meek;
 To the Necessitous a Friend—No more
 She counts herself, than Steward to the Poor:

Yet

Yet, for a Trifle, will this Lamb grow warm,
And roar as loud as a *November Storm*;
Swear like a Trooper, ev'ry Servant beat,
Curse her own Children, and alarm a Street;
Prey on the Needy by usurious Loan,
And surely make their small Remains her own.
Whene'er the old *Vertulus* opes his Mouth,
He quotes the Scripture, *Tillotson* or *South*;
Laments the Lewdness of the present Age,
And makes perpetual War upon the Stage:
In all o'er-acts his Part, and we may see
The Knave, beneath a Mask of Probity.

As each is conscious of his own Disguise,
He views his Neighbour with more prying Eyes;
Prudent conceals himself, but seeks with Care,
What is his Neighbour's real Character:
Thus do your Swords-Men, of the primier Class,
At once secure themselves, and make their Pass:
While, like loose Fencers, others shall receive
A deeper Wound, than that they aim to give;
Their Neighbours canvas with such ardent Zeal,
That Want of Caution does themselves reveal.
This Theory, my Friend, I learn'd from you,
And Time has shewn, it is, in Practice, true:
What Judgment then, would *Sylvia* have me make
Of that Advice, she wishes me to take?

Life is, you say, no more than transient Breath,
 And ev'ry Gasp we fetch, we draw in Death;
 Wherefore, we shou'd this trifling World despise,
 And think of nothing, but Eternal Joys;
 Life yields but few, and those not free from Pain,
 Therefore from those it yields, we shou'd refrain.
 Does not this say, your Patrimony's small?
 'Twere better, therefore, you had none at all:
 More prudent, sure, wou'd be th' Advice to save,
 And make the most of ev'ry Doit we have.

Does Reason teach us, that th' Almighty can
 Conceive delight in Miseries of Man?
 That he has made our State of Life much worse
 Than that of Beasts; with Appetites to curse?
 Reason, you say, shou'd stubborn Passions break;
 And yet you'll own, that Reason is too weak:
 Thus, the most boasted Gift of bounteous Heav'n,
 Is vainly, by your own Confession, giv'n.
 If seven times the just Man falls a Day,
 Of what avail is Reason!—Can you say?
 These Maxims are absurd; since you must own,
 By them, we're bound to do, what can't be done.
 They are prophane; since Want of Pow'r shall be
 Punish'd (by them) with endless Misery;
 Or else (by them) those who can nought deserve,
 Have Crowns of Glory laid up in Reserve.

While

While you, such senseless Maxims dare advance,
Don't you depose a G—d, to set up Chance?
Divest him of his Attributes, and we
Lose all Idea of the Deity?
They're Justice, Mercy, and Omnipotence,
His Omnipresence and Omniscience,
Which points out G—d, ineffable, sublime,
Beyond all Limits, or of Place or Time;
Eternal Source of Light, of Life, of Bliss,
In whom alone, centres all Happiness:
Perfect and pure, unchangeable, and One,
To All gives Being, and derives from None.
Your Tenets shew him, what I scarce dare speak,
A Being cruel, changeable and weak;
Who brings poor Wretches forth to Life and Light,
To plunge 'em into living Death and endless Night.

I dare not think thus wickedly, I own,
Of the All-merciful, Tremendous One.
Eternal Goodness, Reason says, can ne'er
Give me my Passions, but to prove a Snare.
Life is replete with Ills; by gracious Heav'n
To mitigate those Ills, were Passions giv'n;
These we may gratify and treat as Jest,
The idle Menaces of greedy Priests,
Who for their Lucre feign'd a Heav'n and Hell,
T'enhance our Fears, and idle Pardons sell.

A little Time, and we're no longer seen,
 Nay, quite forgot, as if we ne'er had been :
 Shall we then, Pleasures of this Life forego,
 And make our Days one constant Round of Woe ;
 As if th' Almighty cou'd Delight conceive,
 Seeing unhappy wretched Mòrtals grieve ;
 With Nature struggling, mortify'd, refuse
 The Blessings, which she sheds with Hand profuse ?
 If in th' unequal Strife, we are o'ercome,
 Can the All-merciful pronounce our Doom ?

Such Thoughts as these from Melancholy flow,
 Which nought presents, but Misery and Woe ;
 Physick will teach you, and the Reason's plain,
 The Spirits act not freely on the Brain ;
 Which if they did, were thin, were pure and clear,
 We shou'd be chearful, and devoid of Fear :
 But when condens'd by Humours, dry, and cold,
 We suffer Change, and Fear invades the Bold :
 Then does our Fancy form a thousand Racks,
 And we are turn'd to Beasts, to Clay, to Wax ;
 Are Barley-Grain, and dread the hungry Fowl,
 Now a Glass-Bottle, then again an Owl ;
 Are sick while well, while living we are dead,
 Walk without Legs, and talk without a Head :
 To Day a purling Stream, we rowl along,
 And, murm'ring, aid the plaintive Shepherd's Song ;
Calmly

Calmly we glide, yet fear tempestuous Rains
Shou'd swell our Tide, and deluge all the Plains:
To-morrow sees some other Fancy work ;
No longer now a Stream, we're turn'd to Cork,
And dread the Skrew ; or else a lofty Oak,
And apprehend the cruel Woodman's Stroke.
One fears to Urine, as a damning Crime,
For he shou'd drown the World a second Time ;
Another dreads, shou'd he caress his Wife,
His strong Embrace wou'd terminate her Life :
Thus the religious Mad, with Fears of Hell,
Flies from the World, and's buried in a Cell ;
For fancy'd Ills does real Ills sustain,
And lives the Martyr of an injur'd Brain.

Believe me, *Sylvia*, I such Whims despise,
Terror of Fools, and Laughter of the Wise ;
I know no Fear but one ; and Love of Fame
Keeps me still anxious to preserve my Name :
'Tis for this Reason I observe your Rule,
Close with the Man of Sense, and shun the Fool :
This gives some Pain, and oft a well-made Fop
Has tempted me to let your Maxim drop,
Follow *Paulina*, who no Pleasure flies,
Laughs at all Censure ; stedfastly denies
Well witness'd Facts, and swears them monstrous
Lies :

You

44 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

You may believe, or not——just as you please,
For either Way, *Paulina* is at Ease;
Enjoys her Fortune, finds the same Respect,
Or where she's shun'd, repays it with Neglect.

Martia, more anxious, like a Bully swaggers,
Threatens with pois'nous Draughts, or Midnight
Daggers ;

Talks of some daring Friend, whose ready Sword
Will take Revenge for a reflecting Word.

Herculean Labour! Loss to *Britain's* Crown,
What Numbers must he, ev'ry Day, mow down !
What Numbers, *Martia*, has thy cruel Breath
Doom'd, by this Hero's Sword, to unripe Death !
For *Martia*, fond of Youth, her Art employs,
And throws out ev'ry Bait to take in Boys :
Elated, these to the first Friend declare
How much they are indebted to the Fair ;
The Favours they've receiv'd, in public boast
Describe, and make her hidden Charms their Toast.

Ametra judges right, that Joys no Sin,
At Scandal laughs, and publickly lies-in :
The Poor and Strong from her receive their Pay,
Grown weak or pert, for others they make Way.
Why shou'd the World *Ametra's* Actions scan,
Is then Variety reserv'd for Man ?
They, without Scandal, quit the Wife's Embrace,
And oft the Chamber-Maid supplies her Place :

A Countess weeps, a Peasant is caress'd,
And this, with Men, is treated as a Jest.
May not *Ametra*, then, without Reproach,
Enjoy the Lucky who's behind her Coach :
Love while she likes, and when she's cloy'd forsake,
Turn off one Lover, and another take ?
Thus does she argue, and 'tis thus she does,
Treating her Fav'rites as she uses Cloaths ;
Wears them while fresh, and while they please the
 Eye,
Then for her Woman's Use, she throws them by.

From these, Example I shall never take,
I'll be a prudent, tho' a Female Rake ;
For Prudence is not to the Male confin'd,
Our Sex can boast as great a Strength of Mind.
I ev'ry Taste enjoy ; yet, with some Pain,
I, hitherto have liv'd without a Stain ;
But then this Pain, does ampler Pleasure give,
To observe how artfully I can deceive.

Now learn how prudently I play my Game,
Nor fear, hereafter, I shall blot my Fame.
The tim'rous Lover, aw'd by Virtue's Mask,
Who sighs for Joys he is afraid to ask,
I soon discard ; for he who dares not speak,
I judge, for Secrets of such Weight, too weak ;
By haughty Airs, or by a cold Neglect,
I, easily, shake off the trembling Sect.

'This

46 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

This too's a Maxim, which I learn'd from you,
The Man who Courage wants, wants Prudence too.

I never yet, could think my Secret safe
With Fools, who boldly at Religion laugh;
Who at all Times and Seasons will be gay,
And are not mov'd at what the World can say.
Whate'er our Notions of Religion are,
On that profess'd, 'tis Folly to make War.

The Man who on his Impudence relies,
And boasts a generous Scorn to all Disguise,
Who boards the Fair, as Soldiers storm a Town,
And with G—d D—ye's thinks to bear her down;
Whose Rhet'rick is, Nay——Z—ds, I know you
well,

You are afraid——by G—d I scorn to tell,
B—d, I am found——D—n it, nay—why so coy;
Are not you Women form'd, like us, for Joy?
Such Men, I say, whate'er their Rank may be,
A second Time, find no Access to me.
In ev'ry public Place those Men I fly,
A Bow from them's sufficient to destroy.
As noisy Bullies boast their great Exploits,
And talk of Conquests in imagin'd Fights;
So these vain Babblers, with audacious Mein,
Will Favours boast, from those they ne'er have seen.

The

The feather'd Fop, who makes his Dress his Care,
Shou'd not be trusted by the prudent Fair ;
Fond of himself, and of his Conquest proud,
He will proclaim her Infamy aloud.
From others Follies, I have learn'd the Wit,
T'avoid those Shelves, on which I've seen them split.

There is a Set of Men, from which I chuse,
Who will no Favours of the Fair abuse ;
Who live luxurious on the public Sweat,
Drink richest Wines, provoking Viands eat :
For whom *Burgundia* does her Vine produce,
For whom, *Tokay* sends forth its flagrant Juice ;
Whom neither Care nor Study does exhaust,
Who for their Appetites will spare no Cost ;
Who are as anxious to preserve their Fame,
(By which they live) as the most prudent Dame.
These are the Men, with whom no Risque we run,
To ease the Burthen Custom has laid on.
Be satisfy'd, and banish ev'ry Fear,
(Pleasures my Chace, yet Reputation's dear)
Nor tremble while I rake with so much Care.

}

LIBERTINA.

The



The Accomplish'd Rake.

Throw an Eye into the gay World, what see we, for the most part, but a Set of querulous, emaciated, flutt'ring, phantastical Beings, worn out in the keen Pursuit of Pleasure; Creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own Infelicity? The decay'd Monuments of Error! The thin Remains of what is call'd Delight.

Dr. YOUNG's True Estimate of Human Life.

IN vain, dear *Jack*, dost thou employ thy Youth,
And keep long Vigils, in the Search of Truth;
Study's but Fuel to a prying Mind,
The more we know, the more unknown we find:
The Thirst of Knowledge, Knowledge does encrease,
Raises fresh Doubts, and robs us of our Peace.

What do we gain, in lab'ring to be wise;
T'encrease our Pain, and what we've learn'd despise?

The Miser thus, will Night and Day employ
To heap up Treasures, which he'll ne'er enjoy;
His Thirst of Pelf, encreases with his Store,
He pines for Wealth, and is in Plenty poor.

Away

Away then all your Books——if fond of Knowledge,

Seek it in Town, and quit the muddy College;
Here, the soft Sex; here, the enliv'ning Bottle,
Will teach you more than can old *Aristotle*.

Far, far from Sight be ev'ry Volume hurl'd,
And read in Town the Volume of the World.

Here an essential Property you'll find,
Tho' strange to think, is to no Subject join'd;
Substance, which doth not of itself subsist,
And real Nothings, which, in Fact, exist:
Here, ev'ry Leaf doth contradict our Schools,
Here, Fools are Doctors, only Doctors Fools.

Here, you may learn how blind our Fathers were,
Who thought a future State deserv'd their Care:
By Tenets aw'd, Tenets now found absurd,
They liv'd abstemious, and their Passions curb'd;
Wrought on by Hopes, in future Life, of Bliss,
Fondly gave up their Happiness in this;
Or fear'd with Threatnings of Eternal Fire,
They'd Monks enrich, and from the World retire.
Oh, Age of Night! by Brain-sick Fools like these,
Th' indulging Priest enjoy'd luxurious Ease;
Laugh'd in his Sleeve, when, by the pious Cheat,
He gull'd some Idiot of his whole Estate;
Sent him to mortify, to fast and pray,
While he himself gave ev'ry Passion Sway.

50 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Priests of all Sects, the Credulous abuse,
Be they *Christians, Pagans, Turks, or Jews.*

Here you will learn, that Study's Loss of Time,
And Poets need not Sense t'embellish Rhime.
That who drinks most, is most the Man of Merit,
And the gay *Athiest* shews, alone, true Spirit.
Who damns the Clergy, and frequents the Stews,
Dines at *Le Bec's*, does Mother *H—y—d's* use;
Swears with good Grace, calls Decency a Jest,
Talks without Meaning, modishly is drest;
Sings luscious Songs, and laughs beyond all Measure,

You'll find set down among the Men of Pleasure.

'Tis true, this Book shews not the by-past Age,
The modern Race engrosses ev'ry Page.
The lovely Sex without Restraint are gay,
And ev'ry Charm invitingly display;
The shorten'd Coats, th' alluring Limbs reveal,
And shew those Charms I'd have a Wife conceal;
These form Ideas of extatic Joys,
And give Encouragement to bashful Boys.
Their low cut Stays th' enchanting Bosom show,
And give a Sample of the Heav'n below:
So short's the Sleeve, th' enraptur'd Youth may see,
In the plump Arm, a beauteous Symetry.

What

What Flood of Joy, what Scene of high Delight,
To lie encircled in such Arms all Night!
Press'd to the snowy Breast!——but hold, my Muse,
Nor let thy Raptures chaster Ears abuse:
Some of the tender Sex so modest are,
A double Meaning wou'd offend the Ear;
So quick their Sense (abhorring what's obscene)
They oft discover, what (perhaps) none mean:
Yet with these Vestals, whensoever they find
Vigour and Youth, with true Discretion join'd,
Throw off th' uneasy Mask, in which they're dress'd,
And all the *Messalina* stands confess'd.
These, wou'd we know their real Character,
We backwards read, as Witches read a Pray'r:
The Modest only, are by these deem'd rude;
You'll find them in the Leaf which paints the Prude.

In the next Page the gay Coquette appears,
Sprightly her Looks, and lively are her Airs;
Giddy and Wanton thro' a Crowd she darts,
And frankly owns her Aim, to conquer Hearts;
Her Ears are open to each Swain's Distress,
And seems to pity, tho' she can't redress:
If home she's urg'd, she takes another Air,
And awes the Timid with a Brow severe:
Of Flattery fond, and of Admirers proud,
All Arts she proves, which may augment the Croud,

52 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

As vain of Lovers as she is of Cloaths,
 She sweeps along, with an huge Train of Beaus.
 Tell her that such, are little more than Chaff,
 She'll answer true—but then they make me laugh;
 Women with such, no Reputation lose,
 The Things are innocent—but yet amuse:
 Your Men of Sense, too serious are for me,
 And with that Class 'tis dang'rous to be free.

At Plays, at Op'ras, and at Masquerade,
 She eagerly pursues a flying Shade;
 Pleasure's her Chace: In this Pursuit she's keen,
 And ever shifting, with false Views, the Scene:
 A Wish obtain'd, she does a Cloud embrace,
 And starts some other Objects for the Chace:
 Eager to grasp what none can e'er acquire,
 She hazards Fame to gratify Desire.
 Thus have I seen a thoughtless Infant run,
 And toil and sweat beneath a Mid-day Sun,
 To make some gaudy Butterfly his Prize,
 Which if he does, the painted Insect dies;
 And the poor Child, unknowing of his Good,
 A Fever risks by over-heated Blood.
 The Fate of all these flutt'ring Coquette Things,
 Is like the Moth, which burns, at length, its Wings;
 Some pushing Fop finds an unguarded Hour,
 And they are subject to a Coxcomb's Pow'r.

This

This Leaf of Woman let us now turn o'er,
And the gay Part of our own Sex explore.
The first of these which we'll produce to Sight,
Read in the Page which treats of the *Polite*.

Behind the Scenes he lolls in decent Pride,
Some *fav'rite Adress* ever by his Side;
Himself in Velvet's dress'd, or rich Brocade,
For which his Mercer is, perhaps, unpaid :
Or in the Green Room you will find him sit,
And criticizing, prove, he is no——Wit.

See in the Street his gilded Chariot glares,
With Lackies loaded, drawn by *Flanders* Mares :
Envy'd by Fools, he careless sweeps along,
Like a bright Comet thro' th' admiring Throng. :
Cou'd ye but know, the thoughtless Men, who prize
The Outside only which attracts your Eyes,
How much he lives a Martyr to his Pride,
Pity wou'd rise, and Envy wou'd subside :
He inward bears more than a Mother's Throw ;
His Air of Ease is all an outside Show.
View him at home, how anxious he's to shun,
Or by Invention, to amuse a Dun.
Th' insulting Tradesmen fill his spacious Hall,
And he, submissive, pays his Court to all ;
The harshest Things he either will not hear,
Or calmly answers with a Bow and Sneer :

54 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

Here ev'ry Creditor has Right to teize,
And make his Home a real *Little-Ease*. *

Why will such prove a Man of Honour's Scourge?
Who pay no Debts, whatever Wants they urge!
Why will they thus a vain Attendance dance?
And losing Time, their Loss sustain'd, enhance!
Do they not know, Affairs of Weight demand,
What ready Cash his Lordship can command;
Unconscionable Men, you wou'd be paid,
Tho' by such Means he baulks a *Masquerade*.
My Lord has Money—well—we grant it true,
It is for *Farinelli*——not for you:
His Lordship's Mistress too must make a Figure,
She must have ready Cash, since you won't rig her.
You wou'd not barb'rously a Lady cheat,
That you, your Wives, and bawling Brats may eat!
The Op'ra too, will ready Money take,
His Lordship must subscribe, his Rep's at Stake:
Shou'd he imprudently his Tradesmen pay,
Where wou'd the Gold be had to keep up Play?
His Lordship promis'd—Fools! to think a Lord
So very unpolite—to keep his Word.

The Morning Tribute of his Patience paid,
His House is clear'd from all these Wasps of Trade;

* *A Place of Punishment in Guildhall, London
for unruly 'Prentices.*

He

He now respire : but is not freed from Fears,
And dreads a Dun in ev'ry Blast he hears :
The hunted Deer thus starts at ev'ry Sound,
And seems to hear again the deep-mouth'd Hound.

Now to the Senate let us turn our Sight,
And while *Agrippa* pleads the People's Right,
See him, with Ballances, intently weigh
His Country's Freedom, 'gainst his Patron's Pay.
Thus, when the World obey'd all-conqu'ring *Rome*,
She was, herself, by Luxury o'ercome :
Her boasted Freedom publicly was fold,
And the World's Lords became the Slaves of Gold.

Now gaudy Scenes my ravish'd Sight surprize,
The western Sun less gaily paints the Skies !
A variegated lively Race appears,
Tender in Judgment, as they are in Years.
Not Spring itself a gayer Sight can yield,
When with fresh Verdure she adorns the Field :
When *Sol* from *Aries* darts reviving Rays,
And measures equally the Nights and Days,
The blush-red Lilly of the Valley springs,
And the *Anemone* of *British* Kings,
In which the Yellow with the Scarlet vies,
And the strip'd Leaves in beaut'ous Splendor rise :
When the warm Sun calls forth the blushing Rose,
And Tulips all their Gaiety disclose ;

56 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

When the sweet Lilly ravishes the Sense,
And the Jonquils their Fragrancy dispencc;
Not even then, when Nature does display
Th' enamell'd Store, and bids the Earth look gay,
Not then, tho' aided by a *Furber's*. * Art,
To glad the Sight, and to rejoice the Heart,
So great Variety of Colours rise,
As publick Places offer to our Eyes.

Behold a Pair, Arm link'd in Arm they walk,
That, tall and slender as the Lilly's Stalk;
This, like Dwarf *Iris*, wou'd be lost to Sight,
Were but the Colours of his Dress less bright:
These, and the careless Air, in Spight of Size,
Set him to View, and downward force our Eyes:
The yellow Vest rich lac'd, which scarcely reaches
To meet the Wasteband of the Velvet Breeches,
With Coat of Scarlet Shag, shew far more gay,
Than the *Viburnum* of *America*.
Here see the *Marygold* and *Jasmine* join'd,
Th' *Uvaria* and the *Martagon* entwin'd.

Look round the Park, to kill the tedious Hours,
You'll find Variety of walking Flow'rs;
More num'rous Forms among these pretty Things,
Than the inventive, tender *Ovid* sings.

* *A noted and very ingenious Gardener at Kensington.*

Beneath

Beneath his Hat the *Smart* impounds the Hair,
Swift is his Pace, and martial is his Air;
His oaken Plant, at least, four Foot in Length,
Like an *Herculean* Club denotes his Strength:
Intrepid are his Looks, and by his Stare,
You'll learn he has——nor Shame, nor Wit, nor
Fear.

Yon pretty Toy, who like a Maiden trips,
In figur'd Crimson Silk, with Female Hips,
Whose Wig on either Side has scarce ten Hairs,
Truss'd to the Crown, and thus most aptly bares
The brilliant Clasp, which in the Neck is worn,
At once to close the Stock, and to adorn;
Whose Sword hangs vertically by his Side,
An harmless Blade, essential to his Pride;
Was for a Girl design'd; but erring Nature
Has made a Male of th' enchanting Creature:
As such, you'll find him in the Senate sit,
As such, write Politicks, and aim at Wit;
But in his Genius, Softness and his Pride,
Spight of all Art, *The Woman will preside.*

With booted Sleeve, the Top with Gold lac'd
round,
By which the Arm is most genteely drown'd.

58 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

See the gay *Spurius*, with a meanless Air,
His Head scarce peeping thro' the *Solitaire*,
Which hides the Neck, and rises to each Ear. }
Happy Invention! for by this confin'd,
The Yard-wide Bag's secure from ruffling Wind.

In an half Dress, the busy *Cortex* see,
With oaken Plant, cut Sleeve, and *Ramellie*;
What diff'rent Schemes employ his working Brain,
Attach'd to Pleasure, and intent on Gain!
Distracted with Amours, new Modes, and Stocks,
He's eat by Taylors, Jobbers, and the P—x.

Behold gay *Varius*, in a Dishabille,
His Cloaths are modish, and their Cut genteel;
A dark Surtout, with a full Ell of Cape,
The Skirts like Petticoats, and short the Shape:
The Velvet Yoke, of fashionable Taste,
Drowns both the Shoulders, and conceals the Waste:
The Bob contracted, with becoming Grace,
Leaves bare the Neck, and amplifies the Face;
His shallow Hat, of Trencher-breadth is made,
And proves the Emblem of the Wearer's Head:
The *Saxon* Shoe reviv'd, most graceful shows,
With the *Dutch* Straps, which buckle at the Toes.

Now view a Set of Youths, Reverse of these,
One seems to study, one to fly their Ease;

The

The latter Noise, and Midnight Broils delight,
To scour the Watch, or modest Matrons fright :
To hurl a Flask, or some poor Drawer beat,
And make, at Night, an Uproar in the Street :
These boldly into Publick Places rush,
And glory, when they make the Modest blush ;
They swear big Oaths, look big, but really are,
If brought to Tryal, timid as a Hare.
Avoided and abhorr'd where e'er they come,
They've gain'd from All, the Appellation *Drum*.

Perhaps, you'll ask, where in this Book I'm plac'd,
You'll find me, if you turn to *Rakes of Taste* ;
There Sense and Learning, with united Force,
Vainly attempt to stem the rapid Course
Of head-strong Passions, whose resistles Sway
Triumphs o'er all that would impede their Way.

Here Men, you'll find, engage in Virtue's Cause,
And speak it easy, to obey her Laws :
In her alone, prove real Pleasure found,
And shew, by her, with Happiness we're crown'd ;
Guided, by her, no Storms of Life we fear,
And stand unmov'd, tho' Fortune proves severe ;
With Scorn look down on ev'ry *Mean* that's base,
For Vice alone, the Virtuous think Disgrace :
The Man of Probity will brave his Fate,
And, tho' depress'd, he ever will be great.

Virtue

60 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

Virtue does Joy, and Peace of Mind impart,
 Extends our Views, and elevates the Heart ;
 Shews worldly Pleasures are no more than Name,
 Which to Repentance lead, and certain Shame :
 When Nature calls us to resign our Breath,
 She sets our Names beyond the Pow'r of Death.

Such is the Language of our *Rakes of Taste* :
 Who wou'd not think such Men, like *Joseph*, chaste,
 But oh ! my Friend, our Passions are too strong,
 We know what's right ; but yet pursue what's wrong :
 Our Reason and Philosophy don't prove
 Sufficient Guards, against the Pow'r of Love.

As Coward Soldiers, when from Danger far,
 Slight all the Terrors of destructive War ;
 But when they're led to face them in the Field,
 They make no long Resistance e'er they yield :
 So we, while distant from those lovely Eyes,
 Which soon or late, make ev'ry Heart their Prize,
 While Woman, lovely Woman's not in Sight,
 Of Reason proud, we speak her Pow'r but slight ;
 Deep in Philosophy entrench'd we lie,
 And all th'Artillery of Love despise :
 But, when resolv'd, we see th'ambitious Fair,
 In blooming Beauty, panting for the War,
 See her by Sights enrag'd, th'Attack prepare.

3

When

When she erects her Battery of Charms,
And her bright Eyes with keenest Light'ning arms,
Our Courage fails, Reason denies its Aid,
Or is unheard, or by ourselves betray'd;
And we resistless, are her Captives made.

}

Shou'd a Friend's Wife have Charms which
 dang'rous prove,
Honour steps in, and checks encroaching Love;
If he already has possess'd the Soul,
And hopes to triumph in a Crime so foul;
A Crime of all, which least can bear the Light,
We argue not, but save ourselves by Flight:
We feign Excuses to avoid the Fair,
And fly her Converse with industrious Care.

Pleasure and Study share our Leisure Time,
And our Excesses rise not to a Crime;
If now and then we give a little Loose,
And taste, too freely, of th' inspiring Juice,
You'll find us gay, but never hear us loud,
Nor see us reeling thro' a jibling Crowd:
We drown not Reason, while we chear up Nature,
Nor, by your Follies, furnish Ground for Satire.

No mid-night Broils do e'er call forth the Sword,
No Tradesmen can complain we break our Word:

Th'

62: *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Th' indulging Fair, who pity'd our Distress,
May find our Passion, not Respect, grown less;
Her we can't leave, who the last Favour grants,
To fall a Prey, or to Contempt, or Wants.

Tho' in all publick Places we are seen,
We study still to keep the happy *Mean*:
A Decency in ev'ry Act's observ'd,
We ne'er are over free, or too reserv'd:
In Point of Dress, we with the Mode comply,
Nor with the Coxcomb, nor the Cynic vie.
Detraction is to us a Vice unknown,
We see not others Faults, repent our own:
'Tis true, we're frail, but we are secret too,
Examples ta'en from us no Youth undo;
For outside Virtue we expose to View.
By wise OEconomy we somewhat spare,
Thus have no Duns, and Strangers live to Care:
All Youths of Sense, thro' boyish Follies past,
Fix, at the Length, among *Accomplish'd Rakes*.

Philosophy, by this, I've shewn is vain,
Too weak our head-strong Passions to restrain;
For Nature, tho' thrust out, returns again:
As when with Damns we stop a River's Course,
The Stream repell'd, comes back with doubled Force.

The



T H E

Woman of Taste :

O R, T H E

YORKSHIRE LADY.

A

Ballad OPERA.

*In the gay Round of Joys I'll spend my Days,
Whilst Love my Care, and Pleasure is my Chace.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord <i>Fashion</i>	—	—
Sir <i>George Friendly</i>	—	—
<i>Clerimont</i>	—	—
<i>Townly</i>	—	—
<i>Dapper</i>	—	—
Sir <i>Harry Trueman</i>	—	—
<i>Tim</i>	—	—
<i>George</i>	—	—
<i>James</i>	—	—

W O M E N.

<i>Libertina</i>	—	—
<i>Sylvia</i>	—	—
<i>Celia</i>	—	—
<i>Phillis</i>	—	—

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

By a Friend.

WHAT diff'rent Customs diff'rent Ages bring?
We Stagers sometimes play, too often sing:
Thus, in the Roll of a few circling Years,
Our Figures vary, as the Mode appears:
When first Eliza blest'd fair Albion's Throne,
Our home-spun Dames in simple Grogams shone;
Nature despis'd th'exploded Helps of Art,
And downright Courtship gain'd the Fair One's Heart:
Slasht'd Sleeves and Doublets grac'd the Lover's Arm,
And Points and Bugles lent his Dress a Charm:
Our Modern Fashion yet more monstrous grows,
Apes commence Suitors, and Baboons turn Beaus;
Tupes and Bags expanded with a String,
Shew Fops, like Flocks of Wild-geese, on the Wing;
Nor Wit nor Language now allure the Fair,
Unless the Sword bangs perpendicular:
Yet why the Sex can warrant Modes so strange,
Is no great Wonder, for they're giv'n to change;
Like varying Winds their Hearts alternate turn,
Freeze in one Moment, in another burn.

Then to be plain, our Author quite forsakes
The rigid Precept of reforming Rakes;
Leaves to young Levites that praise-worthy Care
Of saving Souls by Vigils and by Pray'r;
His Satire strikes at a less gen'ral Part,
New fangled Dress, and complicated Art:
Such are th'Endeavours of the Comic Muse,
And such good Maxims wou'd his Pen infuse;
And shou'd his Labours have the Luck to please,
He owns your Favours, and his Heart's at Ease:

For

66 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

*For 'tis some Pleasure in so nice a Case,
If you don't praise, to let him rest in Peace:
Thus from the Goal contending Steeds set out,
Push for the Field, and keep the Prize in doubt;
And tho' the former gains the toilsome Cause,
In some Degree the Loser meets Applause:
Barely t'attempt may sometimes raise a Name,
And, to be willing, is some Kind of Fame.*

P R O L O G U E.

By the A U T H O R.

T Rembling behind the Scenes our Author sits,
Yet dreads not Critics, or the Temple-Wits:
Such Cynics, and such Wou'd be's, give no Pain,
Their Censure is Applause, their Praise Disdain.
Such Insignificants, such harmless Things,
May hiss, 'tis true, but they have lost their Stings.
In Men of Sense, not Men of Modern Taste,
The Hope of his young Offspring now is plac'd;
Willing by such a Jury to be try'd,
His Muse by their just Sentence will abide.

Perhaps you'll say to make the Plot compleat,
That every prating Fop should have his Mate;
But ye all know such Trifles Cyphers are,
And unregarded pass, not worth our Care,
Who, not content with their own native Shapes,
Rival each other—in commencing Apes.

But hold—Good Faith, I had forgot to tell ye,
We give ye Songs—to copy Farinelli:
Words without Meaning have been all the Fashion,
E'er since Italians have debauch'd the Nation:
In Expectation that we shall regain ye,
We strive with English Songs to entertain ye.

T H E



THE
WOMAN OF TASTE.

MEDLEY OVERTURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Sir George Friendly and Clerimont meeting.

Sir George.

HA! dear *Clerimont*, I'm o'er-joy'd to meet you! [*Embracing*] — Welcome, my Friend, you're doubly welcome to your native Country.

Cler. Sir George, I thank you.

Sir Geo. I but just now left th' *Exchange*, where I heard the agreeable News of your Arrival, and instantly set out to meet you at the *Tower*, where I was inform'd you landed.

Cler. That was my Landing-Place, indeed, Sir George; but I was impatient to see my Friends, and did not wait for any Refreshment, tho' I've been fatigu'd with a long and dangerous Passage.

S. Geor. Your safe Arrival will be joyful News indeed to *Celia*, to see the only Man she loves, after so many Affirmations of his Death.

Cler.

68 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Cler. Poor *Celia*! I must own myself ungrateful not to enquire after her before! — She should have been my most early Care. — I hope she's well, Sir George?

S. Geor. She will be soon, no Doubt, Mr. *Clerimont* — Grief has made a deep Impression on her Mind, but she'll mend a-pace, now the Physician's come.

Cler. If 'tis in my Power to contribute to *Celia's* Happiness, she may command me in any Thing.

S. Geor. You was ever a Man of Honour, *Clerimont*, and I don't doubt it in the least — But let's go and take one Glass at *Pontac's*, and then I will attend you to *Celia*, whom you will find big with Expectation to see you.

Cler. It mayn't be proper to go to her Father's House, Sir George.

S. Geor. Never doubt it, *Clerimont*; her Father's dead since you left *England*, and she's now Mistress of Five Thousand Pounds a Year.

Cler. *Celia*, without her Wealth, shall be ever welcome to me.

*Women may use a Thousand artful Charms,
To tempt unwary Mortals to their Arms;
But when Love's real, and with Virtue crown'd,
A Gem inestimable then is found:
Such is my Celia, who's devoid of Guile,
Attracts my Heart, and conquers with a Smile.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Libertina's House.

Lord Fashion and Phillis; George at a Distance.

L. *Fash.* [*Pressing to go forward to Libertina's Apartment*] Nay, nay, no Denial! 'tis as much as your Place is worth, Girl, to refuse your Mistress to me, split me! — Don't you know that she's always at Home, whenever I have done her the Honour to give her a Visit — tho' she's deny'd to every body else? as *George* knows very well. [*Looking at George*] — What art Tongue-ty'd, Rascal?

Geor. Yes, yes, Mrs. *Phillis*, that's true enough; she's always at Home when I and my Master comes.

L. *Fash.* Your Mistress is a *Woman of Taste*, Child, and has too true a Sense of my Worth to slight my Company!

Geor. Ay, ay, my Master's a very fine Gentleman, that's certain.

Phil. I'm sorry, my Lord, I'm not to be believ'd, when I assure you, upon the Word of a Woman, she's gone to pay a Visit!

L. *Fash.* To whom, my pretty Fair One?

Phil. Mum! I thought it was counted ill Manners for fine Gentlemen to ask Questions!

Geor. [*Whispering his Master aside*] Half a Dozen Pieces, my Lord, perhaps may prevail on her, as it did with —

L. *Fash.* Enough, Rascal. [*Puts his Hand in his Pocket, and pulls out Money*] Looky' here, Mrs. *Phillis*; will not this do? — What say you now? — Don't refuse a good Offer — Let me but know where I may find your Mistress, and these are at your Service.

Geor.

70 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Geor. Wou'd it were in my Power, I'd do't for half the Money — A whole Year's Wages, by *Jupiter!* [*Aside.*]

Phil. Lard, Sir! — You are so very civil.
[*Takes the Money.*]

A I R. I. I had a pretty Lass, &c.

'Tis Gold that tempts the Statesman

His Country to betray,

With a Fal, la, la, &c.

No Secret shall be hid, Sir,

So long as you will pay,

With a Fal, la, la, &c.

My Mistress is a Lady,

And I might be so too,

Wou'd Men of Taste come daily,

And pay as well as you,

With a Fal, la, la, &c.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Phil. Bless me! — My Lady, by the Knock!

— What must we do? —

L. Fash. Oh, let her in Child, let her in — if she had come sooner now I had been six Pieces in Pocket.

Phil. Let her in, Sir! — Lard! she'll think strange Things! I wou'd not let her in for the whole World —

L. Fash. Then to save you the Trouble, and preserve your Word, I'll do't myself.

[*Opens the Door.*]

Enter

Enter Libertina in Dress A-la-mode.

L. Fast. Split me, Madam, if I'm not overjoy'd to see you! ——— Dear *Libertina* [*offering to embrace her, but she makes a faint Resistance*] for the Sake of whose enchanting Company, I have just now left the Conversation of a Brace of the prettiest Ladies in the Universe, except the Person I've the Happiness at present to be in Company with [*Bowing low.*]

Lib. You compliment, my Lord ——— But you fine Gentlemen take Delight in flatt'ring our weak Sex.

L. Fast. Split me, Madam, if Flattery be my Talent; I love to be down-right, especially with the Fair Sex, by which Means I gain more Conquests, than e'er a Flattering Coxcomb in Christendom.

Lib. O fie, my Lord, every Body knows we Women love Flattery too well, as is often experienced to our Cost.

L. Fast. That must be your very ignorant, unpollish'd Creatures! ——— such that a Man of Taste wou'd not think worthy of his Notice ——— Believe me, my dear *Libertina*, I have worm'd myself into the Favour of more Women of Merit, than any Man of Quality of 'em all.

Lib. You are a very engaging Gentleman, truly, my Lord!

L. Fast. Oh! dear Madam, you do me Honour indeed to say so! that is such an infallible Judge of a Man of Merit! ——— Split me, Child, if I did not make as easy a Conquest of Miss *Languish*, as some Men wou'd have done with a Lady's Woman, or a Chamber Jade!

Phil. [*Aside*] A Coxcomb! ———

Lib.

72 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Lib. Oh, fie, my Lord!—— I shou'd not have thought a Man of your Taste wou'd have boasted of a Woman's Favours.

*The Fair, by such vain Fops, are oft abus'd,
Their Virtue tarnish'd, and their Fame misus'd;
They boast of Favours, which they ne'er cou'd gain,
But Men of Sense such boasting Fops disdain.*

[Exit *Libertina* hastily.]

L. Fash. That was down-right Ill-natur'd, split me!——What a Passion she took herself away in!——Well, *Phillis*, this was a dear Bargain——But I don't value it of a Pinch of Snuff, Child——[Looks at his Watch] Past three, rot me! about which Time I should have been in the Park to have met a——But she'll wait, I have engag'd her fast enough——Well, *Phillis*, adieu——Let your Mistress know I purpose to honour her with my Company To-morrow, against which Time I desire she'll lay aside her ill Humours, otherwise she'll run the Hazard of never seeing me again——Your Servant, Child.

[*Exeunt L. Fash. and George.*]

Phil. Well, were I a Woman of my Lady's Sense and Fortune, I shou'd hate such Coxcombs.

A I R II. In vain, dear *Chloe*, &c.

*How vain are all such Coxcombs Arts,
By which they think to conquer Hearts,
And win the Fair One's Charms:*

But

*But sure that Woman must be blind,
Who thinks such Fops were e'er design'd
To lie in Woman's Arms.*

AIR III. Dame of Honour.

*In good Queen Bels's golden Reign,
When Fops were not in Fashion,
For Trade nor Wealth did we complain,
This was a happy Nation;
But now our Taste is alter'd quite,
We far exceed our Neighbours,
And be that acts the Ape most bright,
Steals into the Ladies Favours.*

AIR IV. Oh! What Pleasures will abound.

*O fine Taste of London Town!
Who wou'd ever live a Clown?
O fine Cloaths, and powder'd Pates!
O the Beaux make comely Apes!
They're so pretty!
And so witty,
Nothing else will now go down:
O all true Sense,
Is a Nuisance,
To the Folks of London Town.*

[Bell rings, exit *Phillis*.

D

SCENE

74 *The CURIOSITY: Or,*

SCENE III.

Libertina's House.

Lib. O *Celia*! I am almost sick to Death with the Coxcomb's Discourse! ——— In short, 'tis dangerous to trust such a Pop with one's Character, who is continually boasting of his Intrigues with Women, perhaps, that he had never a Moment's Conversation with in his Life!

Cel. They are a Scandal to all Mankind, and differ as much from the Man of Honour, as a common Harlot does from the most virtuous Woman upon Earth.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Now I'm pleas'd indeed, Cousin *Libertina*, to have the Opportunity of finding you in such good Company——*Celia* is innocent as a Dove, and is both capable of entertaining and instructing——She wou'd engage any one except *Libertina*——But her Time is so much taken up with Coxcombs all Womankind ought to shun, that she hath none to spend with those that most merit it.

Lib. You mistake, Cousin *Sylvia*! But Censure is become so common a Topick, that it would argue a Want of Taste to escape it; tho' the least guilty are generally most suspected, whilst the Censorious artfully conceal their own Follies from the Eyes of the World.

“ *As each is conscious of his own Disguise,*

“ *He views his Neighbour with more prying Eyes;*

“ *Pru.*

Gentleman and Lady's Library. 75

*“ Prudent conceals himself, but seeks with Care,
“ What is his Neighbour's real Character.*

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geor. Well met, Ladies!—I love to be the Messenger of good News; and I have such for thee, my *Celia*, as would revive e'en the last Remains of drooping Love, reconcile thee to a Tyrant Messenger, and make Thee embrace with Extacy the Bearer, tho' an Enemy.

Cel. What means my Uncle!

Sir Geor. When two united Hearts, noble, generous and free, like *Clerimont's* and your's, after a tedious and inhuman Separation, meet again with mutual Harmony, the Joy must sure be inexpressible!

Cel. Ha! ——— *Clerimont!* ——— That Name was ever welcome to my Ears 'till now, and cheer'd with more than common Transport! ——— But alas! [*Aside*] *Clerimont!* said you, Sir? is he still alive!

Sir Geor. Yes; and safe return'd with Honour, Wealth, and boundless Love for *Celia*.

Cel. [*Aside*] Oh! had this News but sooner reach'd my Ears! ——— Then should I have been as happy as I am now wretched! ——— I know not what Course to steer! ——— I own I love him still, but ——— I must trust to Fate; for I am plung'd in such a Labyrinth, that I know not how to extricate myself.

*With troubled Mind oppress'd, and anxious Care,
Protect me, O ye Gods, from wild Despair.*

76 *The CURIOSITY: Or,*

Lib. Then we may soon wish *Celia* Joy——

Syl. A Man of Honour, such as *Clerimont*, merits a Woman of *Celia's* high Birth and Virtue.——
Heavens protect her!——She's strangely alter'd since she heard this News! [*Celia trembles.*]

Sir Geor. The sudden Joy has over-power'd her! She'll soon recover, the Air will revive her; we'll conduct her to my Coach, which waits at the Door, and beg your Attendance, Ladies, on this happy Occasion, that ye will be present when two of the most constant Lovers in the Universe meet together after a long Absence.

Lib. I'll spend some Hours with them, *Sir George*, but I'm engag'd to be present at the Masquerade To-night. [*They lead her off.*]

SCENE IV.

Noise from within.

Enter Phillis hastily.

Phil. Ruin'd and undone! what will become of me?

Enter Tim.

Tim. Hey Day! what's the Matter *Phillis*?

Phil. Oh, dear *Tim*, I'm ruin'd and undone!

[*Running about the Stage in a Fright.*]

Tim. Dear *Tim*!——very good indeed!——

How fond she is of me now, and the other Day the worst Word in her Mouth was too good for me!

——But I always said, Every Dog has his Day, and this is mine——Egad I'll laugh at her——

Why *Phillis*, *Phillis*; thou behav'st like a mad Creature!——Ha! ha! ha! ——May I never see

see *Christmas-Day* again, if she does not act just as the Ladies do at your Play houses! ——— Ha! ha! ha!

Phil. O you provoking Man, you, to laugh at a Woman in my unhappy Circumstances.

Tim. But to be down-right serious, now, *Phillis*, what may occasion all this?

Phil. O *Tim*! ——— [*Taking up the bind Part of her Gown*] This cursed Tail of mine has been my Ruin!

Tim. Ha, ha, ha! ——— What Damage can thy Tail have done thee, *Phillis*? ——— Efaith now, I thought you always got by that! ——— Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Aggravating Creature! ——— Did I serve you so, when the Parish Officers were after you for getting the Landlady's Daughter's Belly up at the *Raven*? Base Man! did not I manage Matters so nicely for you, that my Lady thought ne'er a Bit the worse of you?

Tim. 'Tis very true, *Phillis*; how can I possibly serve you, if I don't know how Matters lie? ——— Come, come, *Phillis*; who was it? Who was it that has done this wicked Deed?

Phil. Myself! myself! ——— None but my own self, indeed *Tim*!

Tim. Well, I have heard that a Woman is a Riddle, *Phillis*, and I think you are now going to make it out! Get her with Child! ——— Well, that is merry enough. [*Aside*] ——— This is worse than *Farranelli*! ——— Egad now, *Phillis*, if you'd be rul'd by me, I'd have you lay it upon our Parson; for he that will do one good Turn, will do another.

78 The CURIOSITY: Or,

AIR V. Wou'd you have a young Virgin, &c.

*When a Woman's been sporting, as Phillis has done,
When her Belly grows plump, and her Face looks wan,
She bewails her sad Case, and is strangely, strangely
Tormented that e'er she knew Man:*

*But soon as 'tis over, the cunning Fades,
Pack up to London, and pass for Maids,*

*Demurely,
Securely,
With Cunning,
And Funning,*

They oft put such Tricks on the London Blades.

Come, come, confess all, *Phillis*; there is no Harm done where a good Child is got, as the Saying is; ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Wou'd that were all, I shou'd not fear my Lady's Displeasure; but as it is, I must not look for Pardon; for running hastily along, this cursed Tail of mine caught hold of my Lady's Cabinet, overthrew it, and at one fatal Stroke destroy'd more *China* Curiosities than can be purchas'd again for Love or Money.

Tim. Was that all! ——— Why, *Phillis*, 'twas not worth a Moment's Uneasiness! ——— Indeed I was thinking of something else, you rav'd so much about your Tail.

Phil. Oh, dear *Tim*, 'tis not Time for jesting. ——— 'Twill end with my Ruin, the Loss is so great, so many valuable Curiosities destroy'd, 'tis not to be repair'd.

Tim.

Tim. Well, *Phillis*, bad as you make your Case, you may easily throw the Fault from your Door.

Phil. As how, dear *Tim*?

Tim. Will you be grateful, *Mrs. Phillis*, if I should help you out of this Dilemma?

Phil. You shall command me.

Tim. Why then in the first Place, *Mrs. Phillis*, I know you are acquainted with more of my Lady's Secrets, than she would care the World should know of——I'd try her a little that Way; she would put up with any Thing to have Matters hush'd——You take me?

Phil. Then I should lose my Reputation for ever, and never be trusted by a Lady again.

Tim. That was well consider'd; no Lady, as you say, would care to take a Servant that could not keep their Secrets——But let me see——let me see——Oh, at last I have hit the right Nail on the Head.

Phil. As how, dear *Mr. Timothy*?

Tim. Lay it upon *Chloe*, her favourite Lap-Dog, and the Affair is over at once——Say that the cursed Cat and he were at play together, and that will be sufficient to excuse any Thing.

Phil. Who wou'd have expected such a quick Turn of Thought from a Man of his Appearance? [*Aside*]——Dear *Tim*, you have hit on the only Thing in the World to get myself out of the Mischief, and in Return for this great Piece of Service, you shall never hereafter know the Want of the Keys of the Cellar.

Tim. Then this will be a happy Day indeed to me; and, dear *Mrs. Phillis*, if you please, I'll just now go and take Possession.

L. Fash. Favours, *Townly*!—— Yes; I know the Flirt loves me to Distraction; but whether she does, or does not, the Odds is but trifling; for I value no Woman's Love above a Pinch of Snuff, split me.

Town. But I should be glad to be inform'd, my Lord, how you know she loves you!—— 'Tis a difficult Task to understand a Woman rightly.

L. Fash. Nothing easier, *Townly*; I know she loves me, because she dares not trust herself with me.

Town. How so, my Lord?

L. Fash. Because she burns already, and a little more of my Company would put her all in a Flame.

AIR VI. Charms of *Floramel*, &c.

*'Tis past the Fair One's Art,
To use our Sex severe,
Or hide a Flame sincere;
For shou'd they put on such a Part,
We know it comes not from the Heart.*

*Tho' they will oft seem coy,
To give us greater Pain,
And tyrant like to reign;
Did Men but scorn their Arts and Charms,
They'd fly at once into our Arms.*

To them Beau Dapper.

Town. Dear *Dapper*, I am your most obsequious, humble Servant——My Lord *Fashion* and I have been waiting for you a tedious Time!

82 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Dap. I'm sorry for't, I protest, Gentlemen; I ask ten thousand Pardons——But I have been in such engaging Company, rot me if I could desert them.

L. Fash. You have been trying your Fortune, I suppose, 'Squire *Dapper*, with the Dice and the Ladies.

Dap. Aye, and what I have lost one Way, I have got another, my Lord; I have thrown away an odd Acre or two, 'tis true; but I'm universally applauded by the Ladies for a Man of a great deal of good Nature and fine Parts——My Lord and Mr. *Townly*! D'ye see that delicate Piece of Temptation there——The little one I mean! *En son Disabille.*

[*Ladies seen as they pass at a Distance.*

How like a Prude she can look this Evening, tho' I had an Affair with her no longer ago than this very Morning——Well! I'm glad she happen'd not to fix an Eye on me, lest she shou'd have been fond of me before Company——But, my Lord, and Mr. *Townly*, I must take my Leave——'Tis Masquerade Night, and I wou'd not be absent for the Universe.

L. Fash. We'll both attend you, 'Squire, but 'tis too soon yet.

Dap. 'Twill not be so proper, Gentlemen, for me to take Company To-night, because I have an Assignment with *Libertina*, and I love to keep my Intrigues as secret as possible.

Town. Ha, ha, ha!——He's your Rival I find, my Lord! [To Lord Fashion.

L. Fash. Split me, if she does not make a meer Jest of him, *Townly*!——He's a conceited Coxcomb, and perhaps she may take a Pleasure in laughing

laughing at him, which he vainly interprets as a Mark of Favour [*Aside*]. Did you ever receive any Favour, Sir, from *Libertina* [*to Dapper*] that you dare thus publickly blast her Reputation? I shou'd have demanded Satisfaction, Sir, had any other Person but yourself said half so much, split me!

Dap. You are warm, my Lord!—I believe Mr. *Townly* knows, I have been as free with the Lady's Person as your Lordship, tho' not half so much with her Character.

Town. Prithee, Gentlemen, no Words between Friends!

L. Fals. [*Putting his Hand to his Sword*] I am a Man of Honour, and will resent this Affront!—He that will not fight for a fine Lady, ought to be pink'd for a Coward—But I'll prevent your Affair with *Libertina*.

[*Exit in a Passion and drops his Glove.*]

Town. I wish 'Squire this Affair does not end unhappily, for my Lord made his Exit in a great Passion, and withal has left a Challenge!—I'd have you spend the Evening with me, which in all Probability may prevent the ill Consequences of a Duel.

Dap. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis a Sign, *Townly*, your Taste is very old fashion'd to be afraid of that!—We fine Gentlemen may talk, 'tis true, but we very rarely come to Action.

AIR VII. Under the Green-Wood Tree.

Dap. In vulgar Bels's antient Days,
When bloody Swords were drawn,

84. *The CURIOSITY: Or,*

*Men got their Deaths by various Frays,
But now such Tricks we scorn.*

*The Sword for Ornament's put on,
Without 'twou'd be forlorn;*

To the Side 'tis plac'd,

By Men o' Taste,

Who hate it shou'd be drawn.

Town. Brave Britons once wou'd blush to hear

Such Tales of gallant Men,

Who've oft made France and Spain to fear,

Tho' now they turn again.

Ob! were I once to rule the Roast,

With some few gallant Lords,

We'd act so wise,

To lay an Excise

On him that padlock'd Swords..

Dap. I never knew before, that you were so bloody-minded as to encourage Fighting, *Townly*—For my Part, I must own I abhor it.

Town. Among Friends, 'Squire, it shou'd by all Means be avoided; but I think a Sword ill becomes a Man that wou'd not draw it in Defence of his Country.

Dap. I love my Country very well, *Mr. Townly*; but I was never cut out for a Hero——I take as much Pleasure in conquering a fine Lady, as your bullying Captains do in storming Towns for their Plunder——Who the Devil, in his Senses, would run the Hazard of a Ball, or a Thrust, which

which make no Distinction, but may as well take off a fine Gentleman, before he has spent half his Estate, as a poor Rascal, that has not Two pence in his Pocket.

A I R VIII. What tho' I am a Country Lass.

*Some Years ago I learn'd to fence,
Because it was the Fashion,
But now I've learnt, I have more Sense,
Than to draw in a Passion.
We Men o' Taste, avoid these Ills,
Such Actions don't become us,
We'd sooner pay our Tradesmens Bills,
Whenever they do dun-us.*

Town. If every one were of your Opinion, 'Squire, what wou'd become of us?

Dap. Oh, there are poor Devils enough in the World that have nothing to depend upon, and are glad to fight for Subsistence——Split me, if we have not stay'd 'till the spiteful Rain has overtaken us, and I'll venture my whole Estate there's not a Chair to be had in the Park. [*Puts his Handkerchief over his Wig*]——It comes upon us faster!

Town. You don't care to engage with neither Fire nor Water, I find, 'Squire!

Dap. Oh! *Townly*, this cruel Rain is such a mortal Enemy to our Wigs, I hate it! ——Prithee let's mend our Pace.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

An Apartment in Sir George's House.

Sir Geo. I must needs own *Celia's* Behaviour was something odd, Mr. *Clerimont*! — But I impute it to the greet Surprize of meeting with such an unexpected Guest —

Cler. I hope no ill Consequences will ensue from what has happen'd, Sir *George*, and that we shall find her better To-morrow.

S. *Geor.* I hope so too, Mr. *Clerimont*, for both your Sakes — I wish my Niece no better Fortune, than to be match'd with a Man of your Merit.

Cler. You do me Honour, Sir *George*. [*Bowing.*]

S. *Geor.* 'Tis not Compliment, I assure you, Sir. — I value *Celia* for her Virtue, and know no Person more deserving of it than yourself — A Woman will never have Cause to repent the altering her Condition who meets with a *Clerimont*, nor the Man who joins a *Celia* —

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [*To Sir George*] Sir, Supper's on the Table. [*Exit Serv.*]

S. *Geor.* Mr. *Clerimont*, Supper's serv'd, and the Company stay for us — To-night I'll engage you.

*To-morrow's Sun may the Fair's Ills remove,
When the soft Moments will be spent in Love.*

End of the First Act.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

An Apartment in Libertina's House.

Tim and Phillis.

Tim, yawning.

H EY, ho ! — Hey, ho ! — Well, *Phillis*, in short, these ill Hours will entirely spoil my Constitution — Wou'd I'd taken up with a Country Gentleman's Service, and never had seen this *London Town*, then I'd been happy.

Phil. One wou'd think, *Tim*, that my Company wou'd keep you from — But I won't speak neither, lest you shou'd think me impertinent — Tho' I assure you, I have kept as clever a Man awake as you before now — I must shew all the good Humours I am Mistress of to this simple Fellow, purely for his Company, I'm so 'fraid of Spirits. [*Aside.*] — Well, if ever I'm a Lady's Woman again, after I leave my Mistress, may I die a Maid ; we undergo such great Hardships in late Watchings, and keeping Secrets.

Tim. 'Tis very true, Mrs. *Phillis* — Hey, ho ! [*Yawning*] But we shall have her home presently ; 'twill soon be Four or Five o'Clock — Hey, ho ! — A Curse on this Town, I say, it has quite turn'd me topsy-turvy, I think ; for when 'tis Time to rise in my Country, we're going to Bed here.

A I R

A I R I. *Oh, London is a fine Town, &c.*

*Oh! Masquerades are odious Things,
Where Ladies do resort,
And I wou'd have them soon put down,
Had I a Place at Court.*

*Oh! fie upon our Quality!
They now are grown such Sinners,
That all their Wealth is thrown away
On ——— sad Italian Singers.*

Oh! Masquerades, &c.

Phil. Nay, indeed, *Tim*, I must needs own, that 'twould be much for our Advantage, if such Things were entirely put down, for we live as easy again in the Summer Time when my Mistress is in the Country ——— We have but litte Trouble then indeed — But hang it, when we are there, 'tis a long Way to Church.

Tim. True, *Mrs. Phillis* ——— But, for my Part, I cou'd put up with that very well; for to the best of my Remembrance, we have not had the Trouble of attending my Lady thither but once since my old Master dy'd, which is now almost two Years since.

Phil. Nay, that's true, we have not been there often, tho' I can't take upon me to be so very particular as you are.

Tim. I don't love to be positive neither, *Mrs. Phillis*, but that I've so many Circumstances to prove what I say ——— You may remember, that
for

for twelve Months after my good old Master's Death, my Lady never enter'd the Church Doors ; but as soon as the Year was up, I grant you she dress'd herself in rich Brocade and Sattin, and gave us all the Trouble of going almost two Miles to hear a long Sermon, purely to shew herself, and our fine Liveries — By the same Token you may remember, that she attracted the Eyes of the whole Congregation ; and likewise in our Return Home, our Horses were so frighted by the hideous Braying of a Jack-Ass, that they ran away with the Coach, which, I believe, so terrify'd my Lady, that she has made an Oath never to venture to Church again.

Phil. Truly she goes no where now, as I know of, but among a Crew of Coxcombs, and to hear *Farranelli* sing — Indeed, *Tim*, I believe, between you and I, we shall neither of us have the Trouble of going down to my old Master's Seat again ; for I heard it whisper'd, that my Lady was resolv'd to part with it, and live in Town altogether.

A I R II. Farewell, ye Hills and Vallies.

*Her Taste is strangely tainted,
Beauty must be display'd,
Soon as she's up she's painted,
Then away to Masquerade.
Of a rural Life she's tir'd,
Which sweet Contentment brings,
But ravish'd and inspir'd,
When Farranelli sings.*

Tim.

Tim. That was a very pretty Song indeed, *Mrs. Phillis* — But as for *Farranelli's* Singing, I can compare it to nothing better, than to *Chloe's* Howling when my Lady's not within to play with her.

[Soft Musick heard from under the Window.]

Phil. Hey day! We're to be serenaded I find. *[Musick continues, and they both listen]* — Well, *Tim*, I must now thank you for your Company, and beg you to withdraw; for I find by the Guests without, that the Masquerade is broke up, and we shall have my Lady home presently.

Tim. Just as I begin to be awake, now must I go to sleep! — But 'tis the Fashion of this Town, and we Servants must comply with it.

Phil. I wish thee a good Morning's Repose, *Tim*.

Tim. Nay, nay, *Phillis*, I shan't leave such good Company as your's neither, 'till the very last Moment — 'Tis Time enough for me to go when the Chair comes to the Door.

A I R III. Round-ear'd Cap.

Dear Phillis, lovely Fair,
Thy Face, thy Shape and Air,
My very Soul ensnare — sincerely :
Each Glance sends forth a Dart,
Which wounds me to the Heart,
I feel the tingling Smart — severely.

Phil. Well, I'll swear I've made the poor Wretch so familiar, that he's grown fond of me, I find —
[Aside.]

AIR IV. Sweet, if you love me, come away, &c.

Tim, if you love me, leave me now,

Leave me now, leave me now,

Tim, &c.

Ab! do not stay — you vex me much,

My Lady's Temper — it is such,

She'll say we've been at —

You know what, you know what,

And that you've stole into — my Favour.

[*Musick heard from without, louder than before, with Singing.*

Phil. Hey day! more Music! — Let us go into the Hall, *Tim*, where we shall hear them plainer.

Tim. With all my Heart, *Mrs. Phillis*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Sylvia's House.

Syl. [*A Knocking at the Door*] Heav'ns! What means this hasty Knocking, so unusual at my Door at this late Hour!

Enter Libertina hastily.

Lib. Dear *Sylvia*, protect me from the Insults of audacious Ruffians! — Oh! I'm frightened almost to Death! — To be thus insulted in my own Chair, and in the open Street, is intolerable!

Syl.

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Syl. What Ruffians, Cousin? — Who durst affront my *Libertina* thus? — Or, what important Business cou'd engage you in the Street at Dead of Night?

Lib. Oh, *Sylvia*! coming from the dear delightful Masquerade, I was no sooner seated in my Chair, than a whole Troop of gaudy Villains, o'er-charg'd with Wine and Insolence, surrounded me; and pretending a former Knowledge of my Person, wou'd have forc'd me from my Servants, who, with much Difficulty, convey'd me here.

Syl. Ah, *Libertina*! that gay Disposition of your's will subject you to a Multitude of Inconveniences! — To be hunted from a Masquerade, and worried by Bullies, will not only prove disagreeable to the Ears of your Friends, but destructive to your Reputation — Well, for my Part, I can't conceive what real Pleasure you reap from your repeated Visits to Balls, Opera's, and Masquerades! — What Account can be given hereafter for all this lost Time, which might be more profitably employ'd in improving a defective Knowledge?

Lib. Heav'ns! — an Orator in Petticoats! — What a Copy of *Solomon* is here! — So then, it seems, you begin to despise those Pleasures you can no longer pursue, and finding all your Charms too weak to attract Admirers from Masquerades, Balls, and Opera's, you go to Church, I presume, to — improve a defective Knowledge, ha! ha! ha! — But, prithee *Sylvia*, what native Charm didst e'er neglect? What Artifice leave untry'd? Or what Desires did you not indulge, whilst any Hopes surviv'd of gaining Admirers?

Syl. I ne'er frequented Masquerades, *Libertina*.

Lib.

Lib. Perhaps not, *Sylvia* ; you had no Taste for those sublimer Pleasures ! It is common for us all to abstain from what we have no Taste for.

Syl. Then Want of Taste secures many a Woman from Misery ; and, I dare say, many a Man from Cuckoldom ; for you gay Ladies can't be unkind to your Gallants sure, amidst these boasted Scenes of Bliss.

Lib. Believe me, *Sylvia*, you pious Dames that grunt away the Eve at Home, and groan beneath the Burden of the Day, will do't as soon — I know you Saints love long Prayers, and short Courtship.

Syl. O fie, *Libertina* ! — Why thou art insensible to every Thing but the Follies of Life, and seem'st regardless of Futurity, which is the most material Point ; for, alas ! what is Life ? A meer transient Breath — A few painful Days, and all is over — Ah, Cousin, when Time once spreads his hoary Pinions o'er your Head, and a few Wrinkles shall succeed that Bloom, your Reason will be a faithful Guide to point out that Calmness and Serenity of Mind which must for ever fix your Repose.

Lib. By Heav'n's, were I in any House but your's, I wou'd not bear this scurvy Lecture ! — I came here to seek a peaceaful Refuge, but I find a new Tormentor ! — What ! because Life is short, must we therefore make it a constant Round of Misery ! — No, *Sylvia* ! I'll make the most of ev'ry Hour ; for ev'ry Moment, not bestow'd on Pleasure, is for ever lost — So, Cousin, your humble Servant ; I see it's Time that you retire to your Books, whilst I pursue the gay Delights of Balls, Plays, Opera's, and Masquerades.

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*As flow'ry Meads their various Sweets produce,
Each yielding Pleasure, yet each made for Use;
So sweet Variety in these profuse we find,
To sooth the Passions, yet instruct the Mind:
And 'spight of all dull Morals of the Schools,
Their rigid Tenets, and more rigid Rules,
In the gay Round of Joys I'll spend my Days,
Whilst Love my Care, and Pleasure is my Chace.*
[Exit Libertina.

Syl. *I pity, from my Soul, this hapless Maid,
Whose chief Delight is in a Masquerade;
The Bane of Pleasure, Source of future Woe,
To true Delight and Happiness a Foe:
While she pursues imaginary Joy,
My Time, in useful Studies, I'll employ.*
[Exit Sylvia.

S C E N E III.

The Street.

Enter a Link-Boy.

Link-Boy. Chair ——— Chair ——— Chair ———
Chair. [Exit.

Enter Lord Fashion and Beau Dapper.

Dap. Split me, my Lord, if 'tis not a Shame!
—— Since the vulgar Citizens have frequented the
Masquerade so much, there is not a Chair to be
had for us fine Gentlemen.

L. Fash.

Gentleman and Lady's Library. 95

L. Fajb. We must e'en take up with a Hack, I fear, 'Squire.

Dap. Intolerable! — That Men of our Quality shou'd be jolted home in a Conveniency, that is at ev'ry Scoundrel's Service for a Shilling!

Enter George.

Geor. No Luck, my Lord! No Luck! — I have been to ev'ry Place I can think of, and there's not a Chair to be had.

Dap. 'Tis Pity, my Lord, you did not come in your own Coach, that wou'd have been a Thousand Times better than a Hack!

Geor. Then I must have drawn it — For I'm sure my Lord's Horses Heads are so swell'd, that they can't be got out of the Stable. [*Aside.*

L. Fajb. Cou'd you not light on *Griffis*, he's usually this Way in the Night?

Geor. Yes, my Lord, to tell you the Truth, I did find him — But he humm'd and haw'd strangely, when he saw who I was — as much as to say — That is, he had rather carry some other Person, and directly took up a City Fare — I'm sure a Man need ne'er desire to take a lighter Person into his Chair, than your Lordship —

L. Fajb. We must walk, split me! — But I'll be even with the Rascals — Since the Citizens must be sedan'd about, we'll have double the Number of Chairs against next Season!

Dap. Ay, and make them pay more for their Figures besides — Better such Fellows starve, than we walk. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Libertina's Chamber.

Libertina sola.

Lib. How wretched is my Case! — I'm born to love, where Honour bids me not! — O *Clerimont* is all Perfection! — He's every Charm that e'er adorn'd his Sex! — How despicable do all those Fops and Coxcombs appear, when compar'd to that God-like Man! — From the first Time I fix'd my Eyes upon him, he has ever been the Object of my Thoughts — But I must struggle with myself, to drive him from me; for shou'd he ever encourage my dishonourable Love, what wou'd become of *Celia*?

*Morpheus, thou God of Sleep, my Eye-lids bind,
And ease the Anguish of my troubled Mind;
In soft and gentle Slumbers let me dream,
Forget the Man I love, and save my Fame.*

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Libertina's House.

Phillis (in an Undress) and James.

Jam. Is your Lady stirring yet, *Mrs. Phillis*?

Phil. Stirring! — No, nor won't be this six or seven Hours; she's hardly got to sleep yet — I cou'd not imagine who this Messenger was, that must either see my Mistress, or speak with me — Pray, *James*, what's your Business?

Jam.

Gentleman and Lady's Library. 97

Jam. Only to bring this Letter, which my Mistress order'd me to trust no one with but your Lady, or yourself. [*Gives the Letter to Phillis.*]

Phil. Very well; I'll take Care on't.

Jam. Mrs. *Phillis*, your Servant. [*Going, but turns back again*] I had like to have forgot the most material Part of my Errand!——

Phil. Pray what is that?

Jam. I must beg you not to fail delivering the Letter to your Lady directly. [*Exit James.*]

Phil. This Letter must contain something of Importance!——What can it be?——Well I am always so curious in these Particulars, that I have scarce ever Patience to let my Mistress know the Contents of her own Letters, before her humble Servant has perus'd them——'Tis carefully enclos'd! [*Opening the Letter*] very artificially put up indeed! but its fallen into as good a Hand to enclose it again without Discovery, as e'er a curious Gentleman belonging to the Post-Office. [*Reads to herself*]——I'm surpriz'd! surely my Eyes deceive me!——Well, I'll put it into its original Form, and instantly convey it to my Lady, who, 'tis my Opinion, will not think much of being disturb'd on this Occasion. [*Exit Phillis.*]

SCENE VI.

Sir George and Clerimont.

Cler. Suppose, Sir *George*, *Celia* was to retire into the Country——Don't her Physicians advise her to it?

Sir Geor. Among other Things, they have recommended that as one——but they all seem to be Strangers to her Disorder, and indeed, very doubt-

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ful of her Recovery——I would fain have persuaded her to embrace the Benefit of the Air, but she desires to continue in Town, and to be disturb'd by Company as little as possible.

Cler. I shou'd think Company wou'd be of great Service to a Lady in her Melancholy Condition.

Sir Geor. Your Company, no doubt, *Mr. Clerimont*, will do her more good than all her Physicians.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. *Sir George*, good Morning——how rested *Celia* last Night?

Sir Geor. Madam, I doubt but very indifferently.

Syl. What say the Physicians?

Sir Geor. In short, Madam, I believe they don't know what to say——

Syl. 'Tis a strange Case indeed !

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, *Dr. Bolus*, attended by *Dr. Pill* and *Drop*, are this Minute gone up Stairs to my Lady.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Syl. *Sir George*, I conjure you don't let *Dr. Pill* and *Drop* have any thing to do with *Celia*——He has kill'd more already, than a Plague wou'd have done in a Twelve Month.

Sir Geor. You may be assur'd, Madam, nothing shall be done that wou'd prejudice her——If you please we'll go up Stairs, and hear what he says to her, however.

Syl. By all Means, *Sir George*——*Mr. Clerimont*, shan't we have your Company?

Cler. I'm this Minute come from her, Madam, and going to take an Airing in the Park.

Sir Geor.

Sir Geor. You remember I've engag'd you at Dinner, Mr. Clerimont, and beg you'll order the Coachman to stop at *Libertina's* in your Return home, who has promis'd to spend the Afternoon with *Celia*—— Perhaps Company may divert her, tho' she's not desirous of it.

Cler. Sir——[*Bowing*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

St. James's Park.

[*Company at a Distance.*]

Townly and Lord Fashion meeting.

Town. My Lord, good Morning——I'm surpriz'd to find your Lordship abroad so early.

L. Fash. Earnest Business, *Townly*, I assure you——'Tis nothing less than the Interest of *Farranelli*, that cou'd get me out in the Fore-part of the Day——I've been stirring to serve him among the Beau Monde——Oh! he's a delightful Creature! and deserves Encouragement——Prithee, *Townly*, let me intreat you to stir in his Interest.

Town. I think, my Lord, I've serv'd him sufficiently already, by preventing the Duel last Night; for had your Lordship been either kill'd or wounded, he wou'd have lost a very great Benefactor.

L. Fash. Duel, *Townly*!——Split me, if I had not forgot it——I think I left the little Scoundrel with you——Pray what did he say for himself? Did not he own that he ought to be cudgell'd——As for my Part, I think he is not worthy of my Sword's Point; but the first Time I meet with him, I'll break his Head——Take away a Lady's Reputation, a Scoundrel!

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To them Clerimont.

Town. Mr. *Clerimont*! Your humble Servant; you're welcome to *England* again.

Cler. Dear *Townly*, I thank you.

Town. I little thought of meeting so great a Stranger as you are, indeed, Sir——When did you arrive?

Cler. Yesterday.

L. Fash. Has the Gentleman been abroad, *Townly*?

Town. Yes, my Lord, above three Years.

L. Fash. I shou'd have long'd to come home before that Time, split me!——Pray Sir, what Sort of Women have they abroad? [*To Clerimont.*]

Cler. There are divers Kinds, Sir; very handsome, and very ugly; very polite, and very ignorant.

L. Fash. I shou'd like to travel into Foreign Parts myself, but there is no Dependance on Wind and Water.

Town. [*Aside.*] So!——Here comes Beau *Dapper*.——Now we shall see how these fine Gentlemen will greet one another.

To them Beau Dapper.

Dap. Gentlemen, well met; my Lord, Your's,——Your's, Sir——Pray is not your Name——
[*to Clerimont*] Split me, 'tis out of my Memory!
——But I'm satisfy'd I've been in your Company.
——When did you hear from your Father, Sir?
And how does that intolerable Coquet, Miss *Moody*?

Cler. (*Aside*) What Coxcombs I've fell in Company with!——My Father's been dead these eight Years, Sir; and as for Miss *Moody*, I never was acquainted with any such Lady!

Dap.

Gentleman and Lady's Library. 151

Dap. Very good, split me!——The Gentleman wou'd make me believe, my Lord, he doesn't know her!

Town. How strangely my Lord and the 'Squire have made Matters up! [*Aside.*]

L. Fals. An't you for another Turn in the Mall, 'Squire?

Dap. With all my Heart, my Lord——[*Town. and Cler. talking*] Gentlemen, what say you——Here's Abundance of fine Company.

Town. We'll follow, 'Squire. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

A Room in Libertina's House.

Tim and Phillis.

Tim. Well, *Phillis*, how came you off?——Did you tell the Lie with a good Face?

Phil. Wou'd it were over, for my Heart goes pit-a-pat!

Tim. Don't my Lady know then what broken Ware she's got in the House?

Phil. No; I durst not tell too soon, for she's always very ill-humour'd 'till after Breakfast——She has been dress'd near an Hour, I wonder she's not come down Stairs yet.

Tim. Oh! she's at Prayers, I suppose, poor Lady.

Phil. What shou'd she pray for?——Has she not as plentiful an Estate as any Woman can desire?

Tim. Women want other Things besides Estates, *Phillis*——Perhaps she may be at Prayers for a Husband, ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Husband!——Women of Quality may have enough of them, without giving themselves
E 3 that

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that Trouble ——— If she's at Prayers for any Thing, 'tis that there may be either Masquerades, or *Italian* Opera's, every Night in the Week.

Tim. I wonder she's up so early, considering what Time she came home this Morning.

Phil. She goes to Sir *George's* to Dinner To-day, that rais'd her so soon——I expect Mr. *Clerimont* to call for her every Minute.

Tim. Mr. *Clerimont*!——In the Name of Wonder who may he be?

Phil. One that you'll know better by and by, *Tim.*

Tim. Odds me! is our Lady going to marry?—— Well, for my Part, I'm glad on't, she'll be more settled then, and we shall have none of this Flaunting about, and late Hours.

Phil. At least 'till Honey-Moon is over; but when that's past, Women of Quality will have their Humours in Spite of their Husbands.

A I R V. Free Mason's Tune.

Our Ladies of Taste,
Think they are disgrac'd,
If they suffer my Lord to direct 'em;
He'll his Pleasure pursue,
And why mayn't she too?
For who is it dares to suspect 'em?

Tim. So!——I must be gone, for here comes my Lady. [Exit *Tim.*

Enter *Libertina*, in a *Passion*.

Lib. What Monster of mine has done all this Mischief——The greatest Part of my fine China
 is

is utterly destroy'd !——Let every one of my Servants be summon'd together this Minute, that I may be reveng'd on the Offender !

Phil. There's no Occasion for that, Madam ; I know how——but I had rather take it upon myself than——

Lib. Yourself, Baggage !——[*Pinches her and she cries out*] Let it be who it will, I'll turn 'em away, and give 'em a bad Character——

Phil. Indeed, Madam, it's not myself that's the Author of this Tragedy ! but were you to use me ever so ill, I wou'd not reveal the Party, without your Promise of Pardon.

Lib. The Wretch deserves no Mercy !——but, I require to know the Person, and the Circumstances ; if it was not owing to downright Carelessness, I shall be more favourable.

Phil. Sweet little Creatures !——They thought no Harm——Poor *Tit* and *Chloe* were at play together so prettily !——Pray, my Lady, forgive 'em ?——The poor Creatures were so frighted after they had done the Mischief, that they cou'd hardly get down a Bit of Supper last Night——I did threaten 'em indeed, tho' I lov'd 'em too well to strike 'em——But the dear Creatures look'd so dejected and pitiful, as much as to say (because your Ladyship was abroad) there was no one to take their Parts.

Lib. Poor dumb Things !——You're sure you did not strike them——Tho' they have done a trifling Damage, they did it innocently, and I willingly forgive them——'Tis not worth mentioning.

Phil. Strike 'em, Madam !——No, indeed, I wou'd have cut my Hands off first ; neither shou'd I

have let your Ladyship know how it happen'd, but that I was sure you wou'd have Pity on them——
No, marry, I'd have run all Hazards, and have took it upon myself first.

Lib. You are a faithful Servant, *Phillis*; and for your Reward I'll never wear my new Night-Gown again.

Enter Clérimont.

Lib. Well, Mr. *Clerimont*, I protest you are a very punctual Gentleman!——You've kept your Time almost to a Minute. [*Looking on her Watch*] Sir George will not expect me so soon as this!——Pray how does *Celia*?

Cler. I fear but very indifferently——I left the Physicians with her while I took a Turn or two in the Park for the Benefit of the Air.

Lib. In the Park, Sir!——You met with Abundance of fine Company there, no Doubt? But what is all the Company in the World to a Man in Mr. *Clerimont's* Circumstances, if the Favourite *Celia* is absent?

Cler. I must needs own, Madam, *Celia's* Presence wou'd have made the Company much more agreeable.

Lib. Is there no Woman in the World, Sir, happy enough to partake of your Love but *Celia*?

Cler. Madam!——There are Women in the World, no Doubt, who deserve the Esteem of Men much better than myself——But *Celia's* all Perfection!——'Tis not her Face, her Air, or Shape, that attract my Heart, nor the soft Graces sparkling in her Eyes; these are, I own, but meer external Beauties, subject to Decay——I am ravish'd with the inward Dispositions of her Soul!——

a Soul, adorn'd with Innocence, and the strictest Virtue.

*These are the Beauties ev'ry Man shou'd prize,
And to such Charms my Heart I sacrifice.*

Lib. You merit every Virtue *Celia's* Mistress of.
——Had I the Wealth of both the *Indies*, I would wish no other Person to bestow it on than Mr. *Clerimont*.

Cler. [*Aside*] What can this mean!

Lib. But I'm unworthy of his Love——

Cler. You have the next Place in my Affections to *Celia*, I assure you, Madam——But 'twou'd be dishonourable, ungenerous, and base, to slight her virtuous Love, who merits more than I can give.

Lib. 'Tis an unspeakable Pleasure to me, Mr. *Clerimont*, to think that you esteem me next to *Celia*.

Cler. By Heav'n's! I wou'd prefer thee before any of your Sex, except my *Celia*——But there Honour and Gratitude bids——

Lib. Oh, 'tis enough——I'm satisfy'd——You are a Man of Honour——but we must not be trusted by ourselves, lest our Passions should get the better of our Reason!——Then what wou'd *Celia* suffer!

Cler. I hope she'll never suffer by my Means.

Lib. I hope so too——But human Nature's frail!
——We may indulge our Passions at *Celia's* Cost.

Cler. No!——Tho' I were ravish'd with your Beauties, I would stifle a Flame of such fatal Consequence.

Lib. I commend your Virtue——Was't not for *Celia*, I might be happy!

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Cler. By Heav'ns! you shou'd this Moment, were it in my Power to do it with Honour.

Lib. Nay, now you swear, I will discover all—
Take that [*Gives him Celia's Letter.*]

Cler. Ha! *Celia's* Hand.

[*He reads.*]

Dear Libertina,

I *Am in the utmost Confusion, and know not what will become of me without your friendly Assistance. I am sorry to tell you my Illness is only feign'd since Mr. Clerimont's Arrival, purely to prevent his expecting me to do that which is done already—— What will you think of me, when I tell you I, am married to Sir Henry Trueman!—— But who could have thought of seeing Mr. Clerimont again!—— Dear Libertina, lose no Time, if you can do any thing to serve me; for I have received Advice that Sir Henry will be with me this Day about Noon, and declare our Marriage—— I must trust you to excuse the unhappy Celia to her dear Clerimont, because 'tis a Task I can't take upon myself.*

C E L I A.

Cler. Generous Woman!—— Well, Madam, I'm well satisfy'd this Letter came from *Celia's* Hand, and to shew how ready I am to do any thing that may contribute to her Satisfaction, I am this Minute at her dear Companion's Service, and would willingly have our Nuptials celebrated with the virtuous *Celia's*.

Lib. I hope, Mr. *Clerimont*, you'll excuse my Freedom with you, since you are acquainted with the Occasion—— I must needs own, 'tis with Abundance of Satisfaction I resign myself to a Man
of

of your Merit!——There's my Hand, my Heart
you've got already; do with me what you please.

*To Youth's gay Frolicks now I bid adieu,
Strict Virtue's Paths determin'd to pursue;
My future Time, I'll studiously improve,
My Duty shew, and manifest my Love.*

[*He leads her off.*]

Enter Phillis.

Phil. So!——'Tis a Match presently made up!
——But 'tis what I expected when I receiv'd the
Letter this Morning——Egad, I begin to like
Matrimony better and better every Day of my Life;
and I believe her Ladyship's humble Servant will soon
follow her Example——

A I R VI. *Jack Lattin.*

*How wretched is the Maiden's Fate,
O'er Man who has no Power;
But I will wed, before too late,
Lest I miss the lucky Hour:
I'm in my Bloom,
I'll marry soon,
For my Heart is all on Fire,
And when I once have fix'd the Noose,
Ob!——How willing I'll retire.*

Enter

Enter Tim.

Tim. There is something more than ordinary in Agitation, I'm sure *Phillis*; for our Lady and Mr. *Clerimont* are both gone together, and have sent *John* with some private Message to *Celia*.

Phil. There is something more than ordinary in Agitation indeed *Tim*, for we shall have a Master presently.

Tim. Hang me like a Dog, if I did not expect as much; Well, Mrs. *Phillis*, what say you to a good honest Man for your Husband——Let us follow my Lady's Example, Child.

Phil. Fie upon you, *Tim*!——Don't you know I have as good as promis'd Mr. *Split-Plumb*!——You would not have me so base to disappoint him?

Tim. Then he'll disappoint you, I'm sure, *Phillis*; for 'tis impossible a Man of seventy Years of Age shou'd answer the Expectation of a Girl who has never yet seen Twenty.

AIR VII. *The Yorkshire Lady.*

*Indeed, Mrs. Phillis, if e'er you're his Bride,
The Wants of a Woman can ne'er be supply'd,
Unless some brisk Lover for him takes a Ride,
On your down, down, down, &c.*

Phil. *Indeed, Mr. Tim, I must tell unto you,
If that is the Case, as I believe you speak true,
There's nothing on Earth shall part us two,
But we will go down, down, down, &c.*

Tim.

Tim. *Then give me thy Hand, and you quickly shall know,
The Strength of my Manhood, and what I can do,
We'll keep Time with our Betters, and merrily go
Up and down, up and down, derry, derry, &c.*

Phil. *I give you my Hand, and my Heart with it too,
But I beg of all Things that you'll ever prove true,
And when Madam is bedded, I'll see what you'll do,
When I'm down, down, down, &c.*

Enter Sir George at one Door, Clerimont leading in Libertina at the other.

S. Geor. Ha! may I trust my Eyes? — My Heart forebodes what I'm unwilling to believe [*Afide*] I expected to have been favour'd with your Company at Dinner!

Cler. Sir George shall soon —

S. Geor. No Excuse, Mr. Clerimont! — I imagin'd you had been a Man of the strictest Honour, but —

Cler. I shall never deviate from that Principle, Sir George! — To deal ingeniously with you, *Libertina* is now the Partner of my Heart, and the Priest has ty'd the Gordian Knot.

S. Geor.

110 *The CURIOSITY: Or,*

S. Geor. Confusion! — Is this a Principle of Honour? — But you are a Traytor to Love in deserting *Celia*!

Cler. Had any Man but you, Sir George, spoke half so much —

Lib. Let me conjure you to have Patience, Sir George — You have accus'd Mr. *Clerimont* wrongfully! — The Mystery shall be soon reveal'd.

Enter Sir Harry Trueman, leading in Celia.

S. Geor. What can this mean! — More Wonders yet! — I little thought, Niece, of seeing you here!

Cel. Your Astonishment, Uncle, will cease, when this Affair appears in its true Light.

S. Geor. *Celia* in Health! and Joy in every Face! — Heav'ns! I'm confounded!

S. Harry. I hope, Sir George, you will excuse our private Union — The natural Timidity of Lovers made us negligent of your Consent. — But *Celia's* now the only Blessing of my Life; the Nuptial Band has made our Views, our Wishes and Desires the same, and all my future Care shall be to make her Happiness compleat.

S. Geor. If Virtue was the chief Motive in all your Actions, my not being privy to them, I freely forgive — and wish you a full Possession of Happiness, large as your own Desires, and durable as Life.

AIR

AIR VIII. Lumps of Pudding, &c.

S. Geor. *By Bacchus and Venus let this Day be
crown'd,
Since each happy Couple together are bound;
May their Love be as constant, their Flame
as sincere,
As young billing Turtles, throughout the
whole Year.*

S. Harry. *While Life does remain, we'll be true to
each other,
Nor mind what this Courtier, or Lord does,
or t'other;
We'll scorn the vile Actions which some
Men pursue,
Who leave their Old Wives, and take up
with a — New!*

CHORUS.

While Life does remain, &c.

[A Dance.

EPI-



EPILOGUE.

To be spoke by LIBERTINA.

REclaim'd I am, tho' forward I have been,
 But who can call my Forwardness a Sin?
 I saw my Error, chose the Man I lov'd;
 Perhaps you'll tell me, I too hasty prov'd:
 Supposing, Ladies, you were in my Place,
 And making what was mine, to be your Case,
 Which of you all wou'd not be glad to wed,
 And take the pleasing Bridegroom to your Bed?
 Receive him kindly in your circling Arms,
 And let him search for all your hidden Charms?
 Cupid regards not either Time or Place,
 Love's Charms are often found-beneath the Face.
 The little Archer often shoots us flying,
 And by that Means prevents our tedious Sighing.
 Censure me not, because in Haste I marry'd,
 For many Maidens often have miscarry'd.

Having thus spoken in my own Defence,
 The Author's Envoy I must now commence;
 Gallants, from you I do expect Applause,
 Clap heartily your Hands, support his Cause,
 To meet the Best of Ye I'll not then fear,
 And leave it to your Option, when, and where.
 But if you hiss, by all the Powers above,
 Burning with Rage, I shall a Fury prove;
 And most disdainfully will turn my Back,
 And give not one of ye a single ——— Smack.



The Perplex'd COQUET.

C HLOE, the vainest, ficklest Thing in Life,
Still lives unwed, but longs to be a Wife!
Tries e'ery Art, and summons all her Charms,
To enslave Mankind, and win 'em to her Arms:
Lets loose her Tresses, e'ery Female Wile,
Her Frowns are Fetters, Happiness a Smile.
Thus she goes on, and thus undoes Mankind,
In Conquest triumphs, where she meets the Blind:
But Men of Sense, who Coquet Arts despise,
Shun the false Fair, for one more just, more wise.

Here shift th' Scene; Perplexities abound,
Inconstant *Chloe* wou'd for ever wound.

Young *Portio* once for *Chloe*'d great Respect,
Which she return'd with Scorn, and cold Neglect:
This he perceiv'd——and (to her great Distraction)
Flew to *Malinda*, who is all Perfection;
And judg'd too well, to 'buse the Man of Merit,
By a malignant, monst'rous, Coquet Spirit:
She yields to *Portio*——*Portio* hugs his Fair,
Well pleas'd he miss'd th' flutt'ring Coquet's Snare.

Chloe enrag'd, now sees her Follies past,
Which shews the Coquet may be caught at last.



*A New and Accurate Translation
of BASIA: Or, The Pleasures
of Kissing.*

K I S S I.

VENUS, when in the sweet *Idalian* Shade,
A Vi'let Bed for young *Ascanius* made;
Their rip'ning Gems th'obedient *Roses* bow'd;
And hid his Beauties with a *Damask* Cloud;
While the fair Goddess, with a gentle Show'r
Of Nectar'd Dews, perfum'd the joyful Bow'r.

Of Sight insatiate, she devours his Charms,
'Till her soft Breast re-kindled Ardor warms;
Fresh Joys tumultuous in her Bosom roll,
And all *Adonis* rushes on her Soul,
Inraptur'd with each dear-resembling Grace,
She cries, " *Adonis!* —sure I see thy Face!
Then stoops t' embrace th' beauteous Form, but
dreads,

He'd wake too soon, and then a Sigh succeeds.
Yet, fix'd with silent Rapture, stands to gaze:
Kissing each fragrant Bud that round him plays.
Swell'd with her Touch, each animated Rose
Expands; and strait with warmer Purple glows:

Where

Where infant *Kisses* bloom, a balmy Store!
Redoubling all the Bliss she felt before.

Sudden, her Swans career along the Skies,
And o'er the Globe the fair Celestial flies.
Then as where *Ceres* pass'd, the teeming Plain
Yellow'd, with waving Crops of golden Grain;
So, fruitful *Kisses* fell where *Venus* flew,
And by the Pow'r of genial Magic grew
A plenteous Harvest! which she deign'd t' impart
To sooth an agonizing, love-sick Heart.

All hail, ye Roseate *Kisses*! who remove
Our Cares, and 'bate th' Calentures of Love.
Lo! I, your Poet, in harmonious Lays,
Bless you kind Pow'r; enamour'd of your Praise:
Lays! form'd to last, 'till env'ous Time invades
The Muses Hill, and withers all their Shade.
Rais'd from the Guardian * of the *Roman* Name,
In *Roman* Numbers live, secure of Fame.

K I S S II.

JUST as th' young enamour'd Vine
Round her Elms delights to twine;
Or, as th' clasping Ivy throws
Round the Oak her wanton Boughs:
So close, expanding of thy Charms,
Rap me, *Næra*, in thy Arms!

Nearer,

* *Venus.*

116 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

Nearer, *Neæra*, cou'd it be,
Wou'd my fond Arms incircle Thee.

The jov'al Friend shall tempt in vain,
With Humour, Wit, and brisk Champaigne ;
In vain shall Nature call for Sleep ;
We'll Love's eternal Vigils keep.
Thus, thus for ever let us lie ;
Dissolving in Excess of Joy ;
'Till Fate shall, with a single Dart,
Transfix the Pair it cannot part.

Thus match'd, we'll fleet like *Venus'* Doves,
And seek the blest *Elysian* Groves,
Where Spring in blooming Triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyful Plains.
There, Lovers of Heroic Name,
Revive their long-extinguish'd Flame ;
And o'er the pleasant Vale advance,
In sparkling Pomp to form the Dance ;
Or sing of Love and gay Desire,
Responsive to the warbling Lyre ;
Reclining soft in blissful Bow'rs,
Purpled-sweet with fragrant Flowers :
And cover'd with a silken Shade
Of Laurel (mixt with Myrtle) made ;
Where, shining in immortal Bloom,
The Musk-Rose scents the verdant Gloom :
'Thro' which the whisp'ring Zephyrs fly
Softer than the Virgin's Sigh.

When

When we come near those blest Retreats,
Th' Assembly strait will leave their Seats :
Inspired with the matchless Pair,
So fond the Youth, the Nymph so fair !
Daughters and Mistresses to *Jove*,
By *Homer* fam'd of old for Love ;
In Homage to thy matchless Grace,
Will give Preheminence of Place.
Helen herself will soon agree
To rise, and yield her Rank to Thee.

K I S S III.

I Cry'd, one tender Kiss, sweet blooming Maid,
When on my Lips her Lips *Næra* laid.
But, just prepar'd the promis'd Sweets to take,
Lo ! strait her nimble Lips my Lips forsake.
Quick ! as when starting back, in wild Surprise,
The new trod Snake th' unwary Trav'ler flies.
But now, my eager Passion to allay,
Compleat, sweet lovely Maid, the am'rous Play,
This was to mock, my Life, not scant the Bliss ;
This gave a Thirst of *Kissing*, but no *Kiss*.

K I S S IV.

TIS not *Kisses* thy fond Lips diffuse ;
But Nectar'd Sweets ! Ambrosial Dews !
Sweets ! that can raise the Soul from Death !
Such ! as not Thyme, with balmy Breath ;

Such ,

118 The CURIOSITY: Or,

Such ! as Nard, in spicy Gales ;
 Such ! as not Cinnamon exhales !
 Such ! as ev'n Virgin Stores excel !
 Which, labouring Bees, in waxen Cell,
 Beneath their Osier Roof distil ;
 Drawn from *Hymettus*' fragrant Hill ;
 Or gather'd in *Cecropian* Bower,
 Where blooms the Rose, celestial Flower !
 Not *Kisses* thy fond Lips diffuse ;
 But Nectar'd Sweets ! Ambrosial Dews !

These, if thus lavish you bestow ;
 Sudden shall immortal grow !
 Sudden ! to Gods, exalted rise,
 And share the Banquets of the Skies !

Then, ah, forbear, sweet Maid, forbear !
 Spare, for my Sake, thy Bounty spare !
 Or, thou thyself immortal grow !
 For without thee, *Neæra*, know ;
 Ev'n to the Gods I wou'd not rise,
 Nor share the Banquets of the Skies :
 No ; not ! — tho' all the Pow'rs above ;
 The Daughters and the Wives of *Jove* ;
 Wou'd my superior God-head own ;
 And fix me on the starry Throne.

K I S S

K I S S V.

YOU, when profuse of heav'nly Charms,
About me throw'st those tender Arms ;
And with that Neck, which lovely twines ;
And with that Breast, which soft declines ;
And with that sweet, bewitching Face ;
Hang on me thus, in fond Embrace.

When you, those amorous Lips of thine,
Fitt'st to these amorous Lips of mine ;
Those Lips ! that thus, in rapt'rous Bliss,
Both give and take the wounding Kiss —
Both give and take the trembling Dart —
Sweet Play ! soft-thrilling to the Heart !
Or, when thy Soul, or mine possesst,
My Life draws from my glowing Breast :
My Life ! which burning Heats destroy !
Scorch'd with Excess of fiercest Joy !

Or, when thy Soul calls mine from Death ;
And wafts fresh Life with humid Breath :
That Breath ! which vital Air respires !
And kindly cools my raging Fires !

Then, dear *Næra*, thus I cry :
(Then ! as 'twixt Death and Life I lie)

“ Love is a Pow'r, all Powers above !

“ There is no greater Pow'r than Love !

“ Or, if a greater we allow ;

“ Greater than Love——That Pow'r art Thou !

K I S S VI.

KISSES two thousand (in Exchange of Hearts)
 As soft and sweet as mutual Love imparts.
 Of mutual Faith, the Terms we jointly make,
 I give one Thousand, and one Thousand take!
 Fairly you paid the Number, gracious Maid!
 Were Love, by any Number, fairly paid!
 But Love, alas! to Numbers never yields!
 The Blades, who numbers, of well-water'd Fields?
 Who, *Queen of Plenty*, that extols thy Praise,
 Intreats thee, *Ceres*, number'd Ears to raise?
 Who, *Bacchus*, that thy pleasing Pow'r adores,
 An hundred Clusters servilely implores?
 Who, *Pales*, that thy bounteous Aid demands,
 Lifts for a thousand Bees vain suppliant Hands?
 When *Jove* descends in Floods of Genial Rains,
 Who counts the Drops that cheer the thirsty Plains?
 Or, when the God assumes severer Arms;
 With driving Winds the troubled Air alarms;
 And Icy Bolts, o'er Earth, o'er Ocean pours;
 Computes the Fragments of the rat'ling Show'rs?
 All Things that fall to Mortals from the Skies,
 Ætherial Gifts! to Infinite arise.
 Whether auspicious, or averse, they prove;
 A Majesty that suits the House of *Jove*!

Then

Then why, bright Goddess!—(for that heav'nly
Face

Speaks thee a Goddess of Cœlestial Race;
Speaks thee ev'n her in Beauty to excel,
Who roams o'er the vast Deeps with vagrant Shell)
Why so exact, thy Attributes Divine,
Kisses to bounded Numbers to confine?
Yet cruel, number not my ceaseless Sighs!
Nor Tears for ever trickling from my Eyes!
Number, at Will, for ev'ry Tear a Kiss;
But number not, without the Pain, the Bliss:
Or give, to ease my Doubts, and lay my Fears,
Kisses un-number'd, for un-number'd Tears.

K I S S VII.

KISSES, in Raptures uncontroll'd,
An Hundred by an Hundred told;
An Hundred, yet too scanty Store,
Told by an ample Thousand o'er——
A Thousand, yet, e'er I refrain,
Told by a Thousand o'er again——
As many Thousands as before,
Told by as many Thousands more,
As are the Drops that fill the Main,
Or Stars that gild th' Etherial Plain——
All these, and Millions yet untold——
While thee, thus closely, I unfold;

122 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Clofely, I'll give thefe rofy Cheeks!
 This Lip that fwells ! this Eye that fpeaks!
 As fondly clafping, Arms in Arms,
 Thy Lover thus devours thy Charms,
 And reaping *Kiffes* now he fees,
 Thofe Fields of Rofes! blooming Cheeks!
 Now, to thofe Lips, foft-fwelling flies!
 Now, to thofe sweetly fpeaking Eyes!
 In vain thy reftlefs Lover fees
 To view thofe rofy-blooming Cheeks!
 Nor rofy-blooming Cheeks he spies,
 Nor fwelling Lips, nor fpeaking Eyes;
 Nor yet that Look of pleafing Smiles!
 That Look! which all his Cares beguiles!
 That Look! which (as the God of Day
 Chafes the gath'ring Clouds away,
 When thro' mid *Æther*, mildly bright,
 He guides the lucid Steeds of Light,
 Difpels the Shades, corrects the Storms,
 And all the Face of Heav'n reforms)
 Still beaming-foft, with golden Rays,
 The Tumults of his Soul allays;
 Drives from his Eyes all mournful Tears,
 Drives from his Thoughts all gloomy Fears.

What jealous Wars, the while, arife,
 Sweet Maid! between my Lips and Eyes!
 While to poffefs thee, all entire,
 Now thefe, now thofe, by turns afpire!

How

How shall I think to share my Love?
How bear a Rival, ev'n of *Jove*?
When scarce my Eyes thy Beauties share!
And scarce my Lips for Rivals bear!

K I S S VIII.

WITH what Folly ill-betray'd,
Witless Creature! thoughtless Maid!
With what madding Fury stung,
Could'st thou hurt this harmless Tongue?

Sped by thee, because no Dart
Errs from my unguarded Heart;
Seems such Ill, no Art can cure,
Such! so pleasant to endure!
That, new Weapons to destroy,
On this Tongue thou should'st employ?
Tongue! that wont with Suns that rise;
Wont, with Suns that quit the Skies!
Thro' sad Nights, thro' tedious Days;
Tongue! ever wont to sing thy Praise!

This is he, the faithful Tongue,
That so oft thy Praises sung!
Sung! those Locks of easy Flow!
Sung! those Breasts of Virgin Snow!
Sung! that Neck, which lovely twines!
Sung! that Eye, which wanton shines!
Sung! in such harmonious Lays,
As to Heav'n *Neæra* raise;

124 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Far beyond the Fires of *Jove*!
Envy of all Gods above!

This! that sung thee, my Delight,
Thee! sole Pleasure of my Sight!
Thee! sole Rapture of my Heart!
Thee! my Soul's far better Part!
Thee! my Passion! Thee! my Love!
Thee! my Turtle; Thee! my Dove!
Sung! in such harmonious Lays,
As to Heav'n *Næra* raise;
Envy of the Gods above!
Envy of *Venus* as of *Jove*!

Say ; or hence proceeds thy Pride!
(Apt in Beauty to confide!)
Hence thy Pow'r! (tyrannic Fair!)
That he stoops those Wrongs to bear.
By no Insult mov'd, or Pain,
From thy Praises to abstain.
Still extolling to the Skies,
Those delicious Lips and Eyes!
Ev'n those Teeth, ill-govern'd Arms!
Wanton Authors of his Harms!
Stamm'ring 'midst his bleeding Wounds,
Still he sings in broken Sounds!
Apt in Beauty to confide!
Fair Tyrant! hence thy Pow'r and Pride.

K I S S IX.

KISS me not still, nor be still smiling,
Always fond, and always willing ;
Sweetly speaking, softly sighing,
Ever on my Bosom lying !

All Things have their certain Measure ;
Narrow Bounds are fix'd to Pleasure.
Whate'er affects with most Delight,
Soonest clogs the Appetite.

When I for thrice three Kisses sue,
Take sev'n away, and grant but two ;
Yet neither long, nor balmy neither ;
Such as the Virgin gives her Father !
And chaste as those that are bestow'd
By *Cynthia* on her Brother-God !
Then start from me, in wanton Play,
And trip, with swimming Pace away ;
Into some secret Corner fly,
And hide in Darkness from my Eye.

Your Steps thro' Darkness will I trace,
And search the most retired Place.
Like some proud Victor I will lay
My eager Hands upon my Prey.
I'll tosse, and towze, and rife you,
As Hawks the tim'rous Turtle do.

You, your humble Hands shall rear ;
Submissive, beg me to forbear ;

126 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

And hope sev'n *Kisses* may engage
My easy Heart, and bribe my Rage.

In vain!——You sev'n times sev'n shall give,
To win my Grace, poor Fugitive!
My Arms around that Neck entwin'd,
Shall all the while my Captive bind.

When, paid the Price, I loose my Arms,
Then shall you swear by all your Charms,
If this Way I resent such Crimes,
You'd play the Trick a thousand times!

K I S S X.

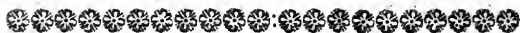
CERTAIN no *Kiss* one certain Way repeat,
Thus try'd, the Sweetest ceases to be sweet.
For as most *Kisses* thrill the yielding Blood,
With humid Lips on humid Lips bestow'd;
So warmer *Kisses* warmer Joys inspire,
And the rapt Soul with madding Transport fire.
Not less Delight, to *kiss* fond——rolling Eyes,
And view the Authors of our Tears and Sighs;
Or, as to the lov'd Neck or Cheek we cling
In am'rous Trance, see fresher Roses spring;
And tell-tale Signs, by wanton Teeth imprest,
On snow-white Shoulder rise, or snow-white Breast.
From trembling Lips to change the trembling Darts;
And mutual Souls im-mix from mutual Hearts:
While Love lies panting for a Gasp of Breath,
Now! now! just struggling betwixt Life and Death!

Me,

Me, charm all Pleasures of the tender Sport ;
Kisses ! or quick, or slow ! or long, or short !
(Sweet Mixture ! tedious Langor to relieve !)
Whether I give, or whether I receive.
Such as you get, return not, charming Maid !
Let either summon artful Change to Aid :
And who the first unvary'd *Kiss* applies,
Attend this Judgment, with submissive Eyes :
“ As many *Kisses* as were told before ;
“ As Either offer'd, and as Either bore ;
“ The vanquish'd Lover to the Victor pays
“ So many *Kisses*, told so many Ways.

On Kissing.

L *Ycinna* scorns my *Kisses* ! they are chaste !
Enerv'd I seem in her experienc'd Taste.
And *Ælia* call me, “ *Bard with languid Strings,*”
She that to Love in Streets her Off'rings brings.
Perhaps, my utmost Strength they seek to know !
And Vigour prove !——Go ! hateful Wantons, go !
My Strength, my Vigour, long despair to find,
For you these *Kisses* never were design'd !
Never for you were these soft Measures wrought !
Read me, ye tender Brides of Boys untaught !
Read me, of Brides untaught, ye tender Boys !
Yet new to *Venus* sweetly-varying Joys !



*Remarks on the Farce, call'd, The
Honest Yorkshire-Man.*

I Must entreat the Gentleman (or Gentlemen) who required this Subject, not to expect me to treat it as a Critic, but only to point out the most glaring Errors, as well as Beauties of the Author. In the 12^{mo} Edition, printed in 1736, in the first Page of the Preface, Line 13th, the Author very imprudently says, *When it was too late to carry to any other House*; he means, when it was too late to bring it on any other Stage: Indeed he may say, every one will understand his Meaning; but in this Case I must ask his Pardon, because it is not sufficient for a Public Writer to write so as barely to be understood. Page 2. of the Preface, this Author makes it appear, it was not *too late to carry to any other House*, (to make use of his own Words) for he says, "I cannot conclude this Appeal without acknowledging my grateful Sense of Mr. Gifford's * Civility, in accepting this Farce, even after his Partner † had refused it."

But to come to the Farce itself. After the first Air *Arbella* says to *Combrus* (her waiting Maid)
No News from Gaylove yet?
Comb. *Not a Tittle, Ma'am.*

Arb.

* *Master of Goodman's-Field Play-House.*

† *Meaning 'Squire Fleetwood, Master of Drury-Lane Play-House.*

Arb. It quite distracts me.

Comb. And every Body else, Ma'am; for when you are out of Humour, one may as well be out of the World. Well! this Love is a strange Thing; when once it gets Possession of a young Lady's Heart, it turns her Head quite topsy-turvy, and makes her out of Humour with every Body——I'm sure I have Reason to say so. [Fine Discourse this from a Servant to a young Lady! *.

Arb. Prithee leave your Nonsense, and tell me something of Gaylove.

Comb. All I can tell you, Ma'am, is, That he is stark staring mad for Love of you. But this confounded Uncle of your's——[She knew nothing of him in Page 11.

Arb. What of him?

Comb. Has just receiv'd News of the Arrival of a rich Country'Squire out of Yorkshire; which Country'Squire is cut out for your Husband.

Arb. They that cut a Husband out for me, shall cut him out of better Stuff, I assure you. ['Tis surprising *Arbella* thou'd know what Stuff (as the Author is pleas'd to term it) he was made up of, before she had seen him!

In the next Scene, Page 13. *Gaylove* and *Slango* (Master and Man) are as familiar as the young Lady and her Chamber-Maid. Indeed they vary in Sentiments presently after, as may be seen by *Slango's* Imprudence in singing the Song to *Gaylove*, taken from *Mr. Worsdale's Cure for a Scold*, which begins thus:

Whoe'er to a Wife, &c.

Is link'd for Life, &c.

F 5

To

* See Page 13, of this Book.

130 *The CURIOSITY: Or,*

To which *Gaylove* answers, *I am now of a contrary Opinion*——&c. and directly sings the following Song, in Opposition to *Slango's*.

*That Man who for Life,
Is blest in a Wife, &c.*

For my Part I am surpriz'd at our modern Race of Stage Writers, who make it their principal Aim to render their Works unnatural——Can any Man suppose such Freedoms ever pass'd between Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. and their Servants? And if such Things are not common, the Author is certainly guilty of writing in an unnatural Way, which is the greatest Error any Dramatic Writer can fall into. But, as I am desir'd to look into this Farce, I must entreat the Reader's Patience for a while, tho' I am well assured it can entertain no one; it being the most insipid Performance I ever read, stuff'd out with nothing but Bombast and Nonsense.

In Page 16, *Blunder* says to *Sapscull*, his Master, *Aye, Master, this is nought to what you'll see an by;* and presently after tells him of all the Curiosities in Art and Nature that are to be met with in *London*.——I think *Blunder* is a wrong Name for a Man that knows so much of a Place he was never in before. And, indeed, I shou'd not have judg'd 'Squire *Sapscull* to have been such an Ideot, as the Author has made him appear, had I only heard him sing the Song, *O London is a dainty Place, &c.* in which the learned Author has at once acquainted him with the State of our Beaus, Ladies, Actors, &c.

As this Farce is so wretchedly insipid, I shall only take Notice of one Scene more, and leave this unnatural

unnatural Writer to himself. Page 18. *Gaylove* (disguis'd as *Muckworm*) meets *Sapscull* and *Blunder* in the Street——He bid's 'em welcome to *London*, &c.——tells them he had Letters of their coming, and was resolv'd to meet them——He enquires after their Letters, Credentials, &c. (the Scene in the Street all this while) on which the Country 'Squire orders his Man *Blunder* to lay down his Portmantua, and give this Gentleman in Disguise, the Deeds, Writings, Marriage-Settlements, &c. This is a most extraordinary Scene indeed to be laid in the Street, and for which the Author ought to be for ever recorded. As to the Beauties of this Piece, they are hard to find; tho' I cannot deny but the Songs are far the best Part of the Work, particularly that in Page 22, which begins thus:

Love's a gentle generous Passion, &c.

But as I am well assured I have seen it long before the Publication of the Farce, I can no more take upon me to say whether it was wrote by the Author of the Farce, than I can tell which of the Characters the Author is pleas'd to call the *Honest Yorkshire-Man*.





The Reform'd Rake.

AN EPISTLE from TOWNLY to RAKISH.

Wrote for the Honour of the Fair Sex.

*Attend, ye Fair ; observe the Poet makes,
The best of Husbands, of the worst of Rakes.*

Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum. HOR.

*Once to be wild is no such foul Disgrace,
But 'tis so still to run the frantic Race.*

TO You *Tom Rakish*, *Townly* sends these Lines,
And hopes you'll join him in his new Designs.
Shun ev'ry Vice, that strongly we've pursu'd ;
Subdue those Passions, which ourselves subdu'd.
Adieu, false Joys ; follow what's good and great,
Unhappy is the Man, who's wise too late ;
Shun the false Fair, who, with ensnaring Wiles,
Wins by false Friendship, and deceives by Smiles ;
Adieu to *Careless*, *Talbot*, *King*, and *Cox* *,
Who've drain'd our Fortunes, but to give the P— !
Adieu

* *The most noted Women of the Town.*

Adieu to all th' var'ous Store of Ills,
St. *Thomas* * cures, and *Covent Garden* † fills:

Follow these Maxims; Virtue's Paths pursue;

“ The Fair to Honour and to Virtue true,

“ Just to herself, will ne'er prove false to you.

Believe me, my Friend, I by Experience find,
I knew no Joy, 'till to my *Celia* join'd;

In whom all Pleasures meet, Beauty without Art,

Whose Looks Good-nature, Words good Sense im-
part;

In her——

Happy I live; the Hours pleasant glide;

None wou'd e'er rake, who's match'd to such a Bride;

And tho' the Marriage State's th' Coxcomb's Jest,

Believe me, dear *Rakib*, it is far th' best.

But say, my Friend, can any Pleasure rise,
From Mid-night Harlots, or his Lordship's Dice §?

No——as one's Embraces robs him of his Health,

The Herd of Sharpers drain away his Wealth.

Thus have I seen an Heir to great Estate,

Curse Dice and Women for his wretched Fate.

View but my State, my Happiness compare

With those who rake, who rove from Fair to Fair,

You'll see my Ease, your monst'rous Pain,

Take my Advice, and never rake again.

A young

* *An Hospital nam'd after that Saint.*

† *A Place remarkable for lewd Women.*

§ *Lord M——n, who keeps a public Gaming-house.*



A young Student of Magdalen College, Cambridge, having cut off the Ears of a Setting Dog, belonging to Dr. B——, of T——y College; the Dr. demanded so much Money for Satisfaction, that the Student thought proper to acquaint his Tutor, Mr. Jo——n, with it, and desired him to wait upon the Doctor, which he did, and the following Verses were the Substance of their Interview. Spoken at a Tripus there, before the whole University.

S I R,

I'VE a Pupil——Well, draw near——
 That cut off——True, Sir, my Dog's Ear——
 Pray, Sir, forbear, let me go on——
 You can't defend him——Come, sit down——
 Nay, Sir, I don't approve the Action,
 But come to make you Satisfaction——
 Why then, Sir, you must understand
 Five Guineas Damage I demand——
 Five Guineas, Doctor, for one Ear!
 For both your own 'twould be too dear;
 Besides, to insist on Money's mean——
 The Dog, before, was worth fifteen;
 Whereas, poor Brute, as I'm alive,
 I scarce could sell him, now, for five;

For

For who d'ye think would be prevail'd
Upon, to buy a Dog curtail'd?——
Sir, with Submission, I suppose
The Loss of Ear can't spoil his Nose;
Or, what is more, if I judge right,
His Ranging's not affected by't——
'Tis true; but Sportsmen, you must know,
Value not only Use, but Show;
In both which always I excell'd,
For finer ne'er appear'd in Field;
Or where's the Man, throughout th' Nation,
Sells Dogs of better Education?
——Few, I confess, Sir, have been longer
Than you, a Puppy pupil Monger.
But, Doctor, come, let's have no more;
The Lad, I do assure you's poor;
I'll offer fair enough, I think
Five Shillings for your Man to drink——
Five Shillings! paultry Satisfaction!
I'll hear no more; but bring my Action:
I'll send this Moment, Sir, and get,
From *London*, an Exchequer-Writ:
Actions of this Kind ought to be
Punish'd with strict Severity;
For he that kills, or maims a Beast,
Is a bloody-minded Man, at least:
This time indeed he hurt poor *Ranger*,
Next, I myself shall be in Danger;

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For he that hacks one Animal,
'Tis plain from Sequence logical,
Is much inclin'd to mangle all.

}

Some Time they sat, and neither spoke,
'Till thus the Doctor Silence broke ;
——Come, Sir, let all this wrangling cease ;
Be Friends, and throw down half a Piece——
——You know what I propos'd before ;
I'll do't ; but not one Farthing more.
This Talking only Time does waste——
——Hark'ye——

When my Man comes, I'll send him down ;
Be sure you don't forget the Crown.



*Some Students having taken up a Corpse
out of a Grave at Cambridge ; Mr.
P——n, a new made Justice, harrangu'd
the Mob, which was versify'd by a Student
there as follows : and spoke at the same
Time with the foregoing.*

SINCE by his Majesty's Permission,
I hold a Place in the Commission ;
And by a worthy Member's Bounty,
I'm Sub-Lieutenant of the County ;
Therefore I hold, so vile the Fact is,
To stop this most inhuman Practice :

If

If robbing thus the Dead endure,
No Man alive can be secure:
If to kill living Men be Murder,
To cut up dead Men's something further:
T' assault a Man beside his Senses,
We all allow a great Offence is:
What then's the Offence, to hack and maul
A Man that has no Sense at all.
We all allow that Phyfic Knaves
Oft send good People to their Graves;
But you'd esteem it strange, no Doubt,
These self-same Men shou'd fetch them out!
As tho' the Faculty had swore
T' undo what they had done before.
I therefore, Neighbours, who am here
Plac'd in Condition popular,
Shall punish this posthumous Murther,
Upon our dear departed Brother;
Assert my Office too, that by it
The Dead may enjoy their Graves in quiet.
Let's in, and none shall dare to stop us,
Unless they shew their *Habeas Corpus*.
Take up your Posts then all and some,
And beat up my Militia Drum,
To make it known to all the Nation,
When Justice angry is——she's in a Passion.

Some



Some Memoirs of F——i.

THE Favours that have been heap'd on this *Italian* Stroler, are sufficiently declared by our *British* Quality, in their keen Pursuit of *Italian* Opera's, ever since his Arrival. In short, the gay Part of the World have been so prodigiously fond of him, that whenever he has had the Misfortune to be out of Tune, by a slight Cold, the Beau Monde have as surely been out of Temper, and vapour'd most intolerably: And the *British* Taste is so much degenerated from what it was, that cou'd we even recal *Otway*, he might starve; and *Dryden's* immortal Genius be neglected; while an *Italian* Singer, or *French* Dancer, is sure to be caress'd, and loaded with Riches; which is an Infamy to the *English* Nation, not to be wip'd off by the greatest Length of Time, and a Crime against every Thing polite, not to be expiated by the severest Repentance!

A small Time before *F——i* left *England*, a certain Bookseller, of very good Repute, publish'd the following Lines (call'd *F——i's* Labour) in a Miscellany, viz.

The Story which I shall rehearse
In *Hudibrastic*, Doggrel Verse,
Relates to one, as I may tell y';
Eclyped Signior *F——l*:

A Paradox! a Thing uncommon!
And sung of neither Man, nor Woman!

Conny *, a Lass of black Renown,
Well noted throughout all the Town;
Soon singled out, with Heart of Joy,
This womanish, this o'er-grown Boy.
Not having Pow'r to shun her Charms,
She quickly had him in her Arms:
They liv'd like Man and Wife together,
Unsettled as in *April* Weather —

* * * * *

E'er twice three Days were past and gone,
His woeful Case he did bemoan;
Too late he found what was the Matter,
And wish'd he never had been at her:
But since, alas! as he had don't,
To put the better Gloss upon't,
A sudden Thought came in his Head,
And he resolv'd to keep his Bed.
How-do-ye's were like Small-shot sent,
This Lady pin'd with Discontent;
Another, who gave Way to Grief,
Her Jewels pawn'd for his Relief.
A Dutcheß, wrapt in deep Despair,
Ask'd a brave, honest, *Engliß* Peer,

If

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If there were Hopes of *Faranelli* ?
 The Peer reply'd, If I must tell y',
 His Case is bad — 'tis his Mishap,
 To be in Labour — with a Cl——p.

These Lines gave so much Offence to several Persons of Quality, that two Noblemen, and a certain Colonel in the Guards took upon them to resent this Affront for all his Admirers; and soon after sent for the said Bookseller to a Lawyer's Chamber in the *Temple*. On his entering the Room, he was ask'd, How he dare use Signor *F——i* in the impudent Manner he had done? And immediately after they began to cane him. The Bookseller requiring to know by what Authority they treated him in so barbarous a Manner; was answer'd, He deserv'd ten times more, for that *F——i* himself had made Complaint against him in the public Green Room; after which, they bid him read that Letter (which they threw towards him) and he would find he had not half what he deserv'd; which Letter was as follows, *viz.*

My good Lord,

I Hope your Lordship will not take Affront at my refusing to perform again, 'till I have had ample Satisfaction made me for the Affront offer'd by the Publication of the Book I sent your Lordship Yesterday. I assure your Lordship, I have far better Offers Abroad, where I am well assur'd of meeting with more Encouragement, and less Affronts.

However, these Admirers of *F——i* came into better Temper, and purchas'd the whole Impression
of

of Books ; by which Means they thought to have secur'd their favourite Warbler ; but we now find, notwithstanding all their Endeavours, they are disappointed ; by which Means Tradesmen may be better paid, and our own Performers meet with some Part of the Encouragement which us'd to be thrown away on *Italian Strolers*.

But to shew more plainly what a Height of Folly many of our *English* Nobility are arriv'd at, I beg Leave to insert the following Letters ; and assure the Reader they are copy'd *verbatim* from the Originals.

To Signor F——i.

No Date.

I Cou'd not possibly attend the Opera on the Night of your Benefit, but send a Fifty, Pound Note by the Bearer ; nothing but the Indisposition of my Lord should have prevented me. I have recommended you to the Countess of —, who, I doubt not, will take your Merit into Consideration.

Windsor, —, 13.*

TIS with the greatest Pleasure I hear of your good Benefit. The Captain has ordered a small Bill for you, which, considering he has but little besides his Commission, I hope you will take kindly. The three Sisters have likewise ordered Twenty Pounds each ; and, for myself, ever ready to encourage your excellent Performances,

* *The Month torn by the Seal.*

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ces, chearfully made it up the Hundred, which I have ordered to be paid by Mr. —, in *Pall-Mall*.

New Bond-street, Dec. 9.

To Signor F——i.

AS your Illness has given me the greatest Pain, so it will be of the utmost Satisfaction to me to hear you are on the mending Hand ——— If the Duke should pay you a Visit, keep the emboss'd Watch, with your Picture in it, aside, because his Grace knows nothing of the Present I have bestow'd on the most deserving F——i.

Dated from Kensington.

To Signor F——i.

I Have been with my Lord ———, and made Complaint against the Book published last Week; who has promised to resent the Affront. In all Probability you will see his Lordship To-morrow; and I hope you will not fail to aggravate the Affair as much as possible; by which Means you may stop the Pens of such malignant Writers for the future.

C—— P——

P. S. I'm just now inform'd of the Arrival of D——f——ld, on which Account I must entreat you to pay your Visits at Mrs. —. in —

To

Hay-Market, Jan. 2.

To Mr. C—— P——.

I Have already wrote to my Lord and the Colonel; who assure me I shall have ample Satisfaction for the Affront received by the Publication of the Book you speak of——— This Evening I'm oblig'd to be with the Lady ——, otherwise I may run the Hazard of being thrown out of her Favour, which, you know, would be greatly to our Disadvantage. To-morrow, at Four in the Afternoon, I shall not fail of being with you at Mrs. —— in ——.

F——i.

I could insert divers other Letters from Persons of Distinction to this *Italian* Renagado, wherein some declare themselves ravish'd with his singing; others with his Person; but all so prodigiously fond of heaping Favours on him, that they seem striving to out-vie one another in their Folly; while the *English* Stage is shamefully neglected, the noble Race of antient Writers not in the least regarded, and the modern Poets almost starving!

Some Years ago, a Lady would have made herself the Town talk, who presum'd (in the Presence of her Lord) to take her Watch from her Side, to give an *Italian Singer*; and that such Things have been lately transacted, I am no Stranger to: And this very same Lady (who indeed owns herself a great Admirer of Singing) has often declar'd, she pays *F——i* a hundred Guineas with more Pleasure, than she ever did One to her *English* Bungler.

I have

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I have had the Opportunity of seeing a Letter, directed by F——i, to the —— of ——; wherein he takes Notice, after several amorous and fond Expressions, that it is with the greatest Reluctance he leaves *England*, without first having Access to her; nay, he adds, he had once Hopes of attending her to ——: And, in the same Letter, mentioning the Generosity of the *British* Ladies, declares he had, at least, received One Hundred Thousand Pounds since his first Arrival in *England*; while our own Actors can scarce get a Living for their Families; nor our Poets the common Necessaries of Life!

It is far from me, all this while, to be against *Italian* Opera's in general; no; I only endeavour to open the Eyes of those who have so eagerly been heaping Favours on the one, and starving the other, and shall conclude with the following Lines from the Epilogue to *Pasquin*:

<i>Banish all Childish Entertainments hence;</i>	}
<i>Let all that boast your Favour, have Pretence,</i>	
<i>If not to sparkling Wit, at least, to Sense.</i>	
<i>With soft Italian Notes indulge your Ear,</i>	
<i>But let those Singers, who are bought so dear,</i>	
<i>Learn to be civil for their Cheer, at least;</i>	
<i>Nor use like Beggars, those who give the Feast.</i>	
<i>And tho' while Music for herself may carve,</i>	
<i>Poor Poetry, her Sister-Art, must starve;</i>	
<i>Starve her, at least, with Shew of Approbation,</i>	}
<i>Nor slight her, while you search the whole Creation,</i>	
<i>For all the Tumbling-Scum of every Nation!</i>	

Can

*Can the whole World in Science match our Soil?
Have they a Locke, a Newton, or a Boyle?
Or, dare the greatest Genius of their Stage,
With Shakespear, or immortal Ben engage?*

*Content with Nature's Bounty, do not crave
The little which to other Lands she gave;
Nor, like the Cock, a Barley-Corn prefer
To all the Riches which you owe to her.*



G

MAC-





MAC-DERMOT:

Or, The

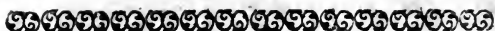
Irish FORTUNE-HUNTER.

A

P O E M.


———*Virtutibus obstat*
Res angusta domi———





TO THE
FORTUNE-HUNTERS.

GENTLEMEN,

 MAC-DERMOT is obliged to make an early Interest among You, who are a Body consisting, for the most Part, of his own Countrymen, and therefore the likeliest to grant him your generous Protection against the formidable Numbers of Critics, who threaten him from all Quarters already. One attacks him for speaking good *English*, without a Mixture of the *Brogue*; a Second asks, Where are his *Bulls*? And a Third, upon reading his Despair in some Parts of the Poem, swears a great Oath, that MAC is an Impostor, for it was never yet known, that one of that Country desponded.

His *Assurance* is the only Part of his Character, upon which he relies

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for passing Muster; and as there is not one Instance of MAC's being dashed throughout the whole Poem, he hopes not to be taken for an Alien, especially there being some Incidents which must have occasioned a Blush upon any Cheek but a *True-born Irishman's*.

The Memoirs upon which the Author builds the following Poem, were found among some Papers belonging to one of MAC-DERMOT's own Kinsmen, who lodged up three Pair of Stairs in *Vinegar-Yard*, and one Morning left his Key under the Chamber Door, went out, and was never heard of since. Being written in *Wild Irish*, they cost the Translator Abundance of Pains; and the Original Manuscript is said to be now in the Hands of the Honourable Sir *Patrick* —, descended from the same Royal Stem with our Hero.

I am credibly informed by good Hands, that the Revd. Dr. B——, who

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who has had a Sight of it, is writing a Dissertation to prove, That there never was such a Person as our MAC-DELMOT ; that the Memoirs are spurious, and that a learned Correspondent of his in the County of *Tipperary*, had assured him, That the Male-Line of the Monarchs of *Munster* had been extinct upwards of Four Hundred Years in the Person of TEAGUE O-DONALD, who died without Issue ; and that upon the strictest Survey of the Archives, and Records of that ancient Kingdom, it did not appear to him, that any of the Daughters of that Illustrious House had ever been married to the DERMOTS, who were of obscure Extraction, and whose *Bearings* were no where to be found in any of the Volumes of *Munstrian Heraldry*.

In Justice to MAC, I thought fit to give publick Notice of this malicious Design of the aforesaid Doctor,

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to prevent his gaining any Credit among the *Literati*, who for want of such Warnings, have been too often imposed upon by him.

You, Gentlemen, have so little idle Time upon your Hands, that I heartily wish I could have brought Mac's Adventures within a narrower Compass, tho' the Consideration of his being a Countryman, may incline some of you to peruse him quite thorough; but whatever you do, keep him from the Sight of those wealthy Ladies you are now in Pursuit of, lest the unfortunate Widow should deter them from putting you in Possession of their Charms, and draw away their Eyes from your *Backs* and *Supporters*, to make room for the Contemplation of your *Merit* and *Sense*.

I wish you that Success you deserve, and am,

GENTLEMEN,

Yours, &c.



MAC-DERMOT.

CANTO I.



F all the Youths, whom *Munster's*
fruitful Soil

Feeds with *Potatoes*, and inures to
Toil,

For Size, and Shape ; for Strength,
with Beauty crown'd,

MAC-DERMOT whilom was the most renown'd.

His ruddy Cheeks were dy'd with Nature's Paint;
And his broad Shoulders well might tempt a Saint ;

His Person was erect, and firmly knit,

And his Assurance far excell'd his Wit ;

Like him none wrestled, box'd, or pitch'd the Bar,
Or with fierce *Isgrim* wag'd successful War ;

None knew, like him, o'er quaking Bogs to tread,
Or sing melodious Dirges o'er the Dead.

For these rare Talents, and a thousand more,
Mac round his Hut had Concubines in Store,
 And after Toil, when Love unbent his Mind,
 No Maid was cruel, and no Wife unkind.

Full Twenty Winters now the Youth had seen,
 And won the glorious Prize on many a Green;
 His narrow Cabin was with Trophies hung,
 And to *Mac's* Praise the neighbouring Harps were
 strung:

Yet maugre his good Mein, his graceful Air,
 His Conquests o'er the Swains, and rustic Fair;
 Each Night he duly milk'd his Father's Cow,
 And handled ev'ry Morn th' ignoble Plough.

Mac thought it hard; for of his goodly Frame
 Now conscious grown, he panted after Fame;
 And rag'd to see such precious blooming Years,
 Consum'd in Peasant Toils, and Rural Cares.

Why (would he often to himself repeat)
 Wants there but Wealth to make my Charms com-
 plete?

Ah! why should Fortune such a Niggard be,
 Where Nature of her Gifts has been so free?
 What are these Brogues, this Jerkin made of Frize,
 And these coarse Trowzers but a vile Disguise?

And

And must I pass my Days (O cruel Fate!)
In Fields and Bogs, nor know a happier State?
Perhaps the Heiress of some Cottage wed,
(Tho' form'd to revel in a Lady's Bed;)
Some Boor's coarse Off-spring in a Ruffet Gown,
By whom our Name must be transmitted down.
Better *Mac-Dermot* had been never born,
Or shap'd for digging Land, or threshing Corn;
With no fine Harmony of Limbs endu'd,
His Soul as grov'ling, as his Person rude,
I then might be fit Company for Clowns,
Nor envy Youths who dwell in spacious Towns.

In private thus, the poor ill-fated Hind
Full oft complain'd, and eas'd his troubled Mind;
But durst not utter in his Father's Ear,
The mournful Accents, nor express his Care?
For he (good Man) around his Shoulders wore
A Rug, like all his Ancestors before;
From this small Farm a daily Profit sought,
And never had a more ambitious Thought.

It happen'd on a Day, with Horn and Hounds,
A Baron gallop'd thro' *Mac-Dermot's* Grounds,
Well Hors'd; pursuing o'er the dusty Plain
A Wolf, that sought the neighb'ring Woods to gain;
Mac hears th' Alarm, and with his Oaken Spear,
Joins in the Chace, and runs before the Peer;

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Outstrips the Huntsmen, Dogs, and panting Steeds,
 And struck by him the falling Savage bleeds.
 The Baron saw with Wonder and Surprise,
 The sudden Blow, and scarce believ'd his Eyes ;
 Then stopping short, survey'd the Swain all o'er,
 Lik'd much his Prowess, but his Person more.
 Whoe'er thou art (undaunted Youth) said he,
 Ill does that Habit with thy Form agree:
 Throw off thy Brogues, forsake thy Father's Hut,
 And in a pompous Liv'ry learn to strut ;
 Behind my Table thou shalt hold a Plate,
 Or loll behind my gilded Coach in State ;
 Fare as myself, and in a Palace dwell,
 Then follow me, and bid thy Flock farewell.

The ravish'd Youth delay'd not to comply ;
 Some Authors hold he blush'd, but most deny ;
 To his new Patron he submissive bow'd,
 Nor once look'd back, but mingled with the Croud.

Mac-Dermot now augments the Baron's Train,
 And scarce remembers he was once a Swain ;
 With Rapture tries the Party-colour'd Cloaths,
 And (Things unknown before) a Shirt and Hose ;
 His Shoulder with a dangling Knot is grac'd,
 His Neckcloth's roll'd, his Hat with Copper lac'd.

In vain his Father, and his Friends employ
 All Arts to wheedle back their own *Dear-Joy* ;
 Nor

Nor Friends nor Father he vouchsafes to hear,
Nor can his *Cow* extort a single Tear;
His melancholy *Cow* which lonesome stands,
No longer Milk'd by her *Mac-Dermot's* Hands;
In vain each reas'ning Peasant states the Case,
He scorns their Counsel, and disowns his Race.

So have I seen a tender, beauteous Maid
Charm'd by some shining *Brother o' the Blade*;
Impatient of the Joy she hopes to taste,
From Friends elop'd, in Hack to *Knights-Bridge*
haste:

The Virgin miss'd, away her Parents run,
And find their Darling yet but half undone;
From *Statutes*, and from *Laws*, in vain they plead,
That un-enjoy'd, the Nymph may yet be freed;
In vain they strive her plighted Vows to break,
She posts away to Bed, and hugs her lovely Rake.

C A N T O II.

TWICE now the circling Months their Course
had run,
And ev'ry Sign had twice receiv'd the Sun,
Since the glad Youth first thank'd his gentler Fate,
And wore the Badges of his servile State;
Yet Happy as he was, Gay, Spruce, and Clean,
He sometimes had his Intervals of Spleen;

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For ah ! what mortal State is free from Woe !
And Spleen torments the Footman, as the Beau.

The Noble Peer to Choler was inclin'd,
Nor was his Beauteous Spouse of gentler Kind ;
Great People have their Plagues, and so had they,
My Lord was dunn'd, my Lady lost at Play ;
Then ev'ry Thing displeas'd th' Illustrious Pair,
Domestic War, and Clamour fill'd the Air,
Bottles were flung, and Glasses went to rack,
And the dread Cane bruis'd many a sturdy Back.

This gall'd the Youth, who sometimes bore a Part
In his Friends Woes, and felt his Shoulders smart,
Who read upon his Skin of Silver Hue
His frequent Suff'rings writ in Black and Blue.
And am I, am I, thus deceiv'd, he cry'd,
Are these, ye Gods, the sad Rewards of Pride ?
Far better that my Brogues I still had worn,
Than wearing Shoes have had such Cause to mourn.

One Night as in his Bed he musing lay,
With Thoughts like these, oppress'd, and wish'd for
Day,
He saw a Form, (or dream'd perhaps, he saw,)
Which struck his Soul with Terror and with Awe ;
(But whether by the Moon's or Taper's Light,
Uncertain Authors have not settled right ;)

It

It seem'd, as to'ards his Truckle Bed it drew,
 A Kindred Fantom, and a Shade he knew ;
 With a Gray Length of Beard, and rudely clad
 In a large Mantle of *Hibernian* Plad.
Mac summon'd Thrice his Courage to his Aid,
 And Thrice beneath his Rug he sunk dismay'd ;
 At last with Boldness on his Arm reclin'd,
 The Sprite he challeng'd, and compos'd his Mind :
 When thus the Ghost ; — Dejected Youth, in Me
 (Nor hast thou sure forgot) thy Grandfire see ;
 Thy Grandfire, *Foygar*, once of great Renown,
 On *Munster's* Plains a memorable Clown,
 Like whom was none when young ; so strong, so bold,
 Or fam'd for Wisdom, and for Wealth when old.
 Rais'd from the silent Grave to ease thy Pain,
 With *Pluto's* Leave I visit Earth again ;
 For mortal Groans are not unheard below,
 And Shades themselves are touch'd with human Woe.

Rashly, vain Youth, too rashly didst thou fly,
 Thy Father's Hut, and with thy Pride comply,
 To wear a tawdry Coat, and strut in Lace ;
 The first ambitious Peasant of thy Race.
 Had Freedom then with Thee such little Weight,
 That thou should'st sell Her at so cheap a Rate ?
 On great Men's Offals chusing to be fed,
 When thou could'st eat thy own *Potato-Bread*.
 But since what's past can be recall'd no more,
 Pack up thy Awls, and fly th'*Hibernian* Shore ;

160 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

St. *George's* Channel cross'd, my Grandson dear,
Thy Way-ward Course to *London* City steer;
For there ('tis written in the Book of *Fate*)
A Time will come when *Thou shalt live in State*,
Th'untasted Sweets of luscious Plenty know,
And quite forget all Cause of former Woe;
I would say more, but *Cocks* begin to Crow.

3

These Words pronounc'd, th'unbody'd Vision left
The sweating Hind, of Sense and Speech bereft;
He sat agast, and upright stood his Hair,
His haggard Eyes pursu'd the sitting Air;
So look'd the *Chief* who freed ungrateful *Rome*,
When *Cæsar's* Spirit had foretold his Doom;
And such have I beheld the Princely *Dane*,
When *Hamlet's* Ghost sinks down in *Drury Lane*.

And art thou gone? at last *Mac Dermot* cry'd,
And to thy Grandson is one Hug deny'd?
The *Boyne* shall sooner mingle with the *Tweed*,
And *Toads* and *Snakes* in *Irish* Fens shall breed;
Sooner shall *Teagues* o'er Bogs forget their Way,
And cease to honour good St. *Patrick's* Day,
Than from my Mind, O! venerable Shade,
Th'Impression be eras'd thy Words have made.

Well, 'tis resolv'd my Country I'll forsake,
And to *Lud's* famous Town a Ramble take;

'Tis

'Tis nothing strange for Heroes far to roam,
And seek new Mansions, when distress'd at home;
For in past Ages, if we credit Fame,
Flying from hence, great *Fergus* did the same;
Fergus, from whom, as antient Bards have sung;
Of *Scottish* Kings the long Succession sprung:
He said, and Thrice he shook himself, then rose
Big with his Fate, and huddled on his Cloaths;
Then stealing to'ards the Window from his Nest,
Look'd at the Clouds, and saw the Wind was West;
He saw, and wish'd he now was under Sail,
E'er *Æolus* recall'd the friendly Gale,
And soon determin'd while it yet was Night,
To leave the hated Roof, and take his Flight.

Morpheus mean while throughout the Castle reigns,
And binds each Mortal in his leaden Chains;
From the great Baron to the meanest Groom
No Creature stirs; but hush'd is all the Dome;
Th'adventurous Youth who thought th'Occasion kind,
Stole his Lord's Cloaths, and left his own behind,
Then made no Scruple slyly to purloin,
Castors and Spoons, convertible to Coin,
In his small Wallet these he safely stow'd,
With some choice Fragments useful on the Road.
Then out he sally'd at the Postern Door,
And with due Speed made to'ards the distant Shore;
Nor Bog nor Mountain could his Flight retard,
Fear was his Spur, *St. Patrick* was his Guard.

O Thou * who whilom didst from *London* ride
 To that fam'd Town † which *Iſca's* Waves divide,
 On thy proud Steed, inspir'd with sacred Rage,
 In deathless Rhymes describing ev'ry Stage ;
 Thine be the Task, in the same lofty Strain,
 To bring *Mac Dermot* o'er *St. George's* Main,
 To tell th'Adventures of his tedious *Route*,
 And how from *Holy-Head* he trudg'd on Foot ;
 My Muse, his Wishes with Success to crown,
 Concludes his Toil, and fixes him in Town.

* *Mr. John Gay.*

† *Exeter.*

CANTO III.

HAIL Queen of Cities, hail thou other *Troy*,
 Seat of the Graces, and th' *Idalian* Boy,
 Where Mirth, and Love, their endless Empires hold,
 Aw'd by no Power, and by no Law controul'd ;
 I see the Youth, his tedious Travels past,
 Within thy glorious Verge arriv'd at last.

As when some Songster of the Feather'd Kind,
 From Prison freed, where long he liv'd confin'd,
 On feeble Wings has reach'd a Wood remote,
 With Joy he almost rends his little Throat ;

Hopping

Hopping from Branch to Branch, and full of Glee,
He roves at Will, and visits ev'ry Tree ;
So pleas'd was *Mac*, as thro' the Town he stray'd,
And the fine Fabricks, and the Folks survey'd ;
Now here, now there, his curious Eyes he rolls,
Gapes at the *Monument*, and stares at *Paul's* ;
But nothing so delights his ravish'd Mind,
As the fair Wonders of the Female Kind ;
A Thousand beauteous Nymphs he daily sees,
A Thousand Angel Forms of all Degrees ;
A *Dutchess* there, in all her Pride he meets,
And here, a Courtezan, that walks the Streets ;
Allur'd by ev'ry charming Face, and Shape,
For *Velvet* now he burns, and now for *Crape* :
But each fair Object fills his Heart with Woe,
For ah ! he finds his Pence sunk wondrous low ;
His Purse exhausted, and his Threadbare Cloaths,
Controul his Passion, and his Flames oppose.
In vain, the susceptible Sex to warm,
In Publick he displays his Manly Form ;
His brawny Shoulders, his Athletic Make,
And well-knit Sinews which no Toil can break ;
In vain ! unmindful, *Cloe* passes by,
Nor *Celia* deigns his Way to cast her Eye :
What should he do ? thus slighted by the Fair ;
Mac rag'd and swore ; 'twould make a Parson swear.

Now round the Park he strols the live-long Day,
Sad as a Gamester that's undone by Play ;

Nor

164 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Nor 'till late Night repairs to Garret high,
Nearer than *Grubstreet*-Poets to the Sky.

One Ev'ning as he took his usual Tour,
Mutt'ring at Fortune, and exceeding poor,
A good Old Trot, that chanc'd the Youth to spy,
Survey'd his Person with a wistful Eye.
Six times, at least, had she seen Winters Ten,
And from her Youth great Judgment had in Men;
His Face and Stature fill'd her with Delight,
But his Firm Calves, and Fillets charm'd her quite;
For well she knew such Vigour to employ,
Tho' past herself, long since, the luscious Joy:
No Time she lost, but made up to'ards the Swain,
And with such Words as these asswag'd his Pain.

Hail lovely *Irishman*, if right I guess,
Thy Features, Air, and Shape, that Land confess;
They all proclaim Thee of *Hibernian* Race;
Thy Back how strong! how brazen is thy Face!
Long have I seen Thee musing here alone,
Observ'd thy down-cast Look, and heard Thee
groan;
Vile is thy Habit, and uncomb'd thy Locks,
And Sighs from one so form'd might soften Rocks.
My Name is *Wisebourn*, * from all Parts repair,
To my fam'd Roof the discontented Fair;

Rich.

* *A famous Bawd.*

Rich City-Wives, and some not far from Court,
Who loath their Husbands, and who love the Sport ;
Brides match'd with Impotence, that want an Heir,
And Nymphs that fear to let their Joys take Air ;
Numbers of these I succour ev'ry Day,
Who keep their able Stallions well in Pay ;
If then, Thou dar'st be my adopted Son,
And in that Croud of happy Youths make one,
In *Drury-Lane*, before the Clock strikes Eight,
Find out this Night, my Hospitable Gate ;
There, if thou answer'st Expectation well,
(As by some sure Prognosticks I foretel)
The Pow'rs of Love with Fortune shall combine,
To make a rich young Widow's Jointure Thine.

The Matron said, th' astonish'd Youth replies,
With grateful Transport in his ardent Eyes ;
O best, and kindest, of thy Female Race,
The Terms thou proffer'st I with Joy embrace :
Nor, should you search the Town and Suburbs round,
Can there a Youth like me for am'rous Feats be found.
But ah ! shall *Mac* (and here he drop'd a Tear)
Before the Fair in such vile Weeds appear ?
Or boldly dare, a poor unpolish'd Swain,
With his rude Touch their sacred Charms prophane ?
The Matron smil'd ; and of the purest Gold,
From leathern Purse Ten shining Guineas told ;
Take these, said she, they'll serve my gentle *Teague*,
To rig thy Person for this Night's Intrigue ;

Remember

166 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Remember at th' appointed Time to come,
 And thou shalt have, perhaps, Ten times the Sum:
 Speaking these Words, she sudden took her Leave,
 Pleas'd like her *Sire* when he had tempted *Eve*;
Mac stood surpriz'd; and tho' bereft of Speech,
 With Eyes pursu'd her, far as Eyes could reach;
 He look'd, and various Doubts his Mind assail'd,
 'Till she quite vanish'd, and his Optics fail'd;
 For he had heard old Wives of *Munster* say,
 That Fiends assuming Forms of Mortal Clay,
 Full often range the Globe, and hunt about for }
 Prey.

And now, his Joy unable to contain,
 He cut three Capers on the gravell'd Plain,
 And cry'd, farewell all Thoughts of Troubles past;
 Of Fortune's Frowns I now have seen the last;
 Farewel ye lonesome Trees, ye *Swans*, ye *Ducks*,
 And *Thou* proud Palace of his Grace of *Bucks*;
 Objects on which I us'd to feast my Eye,
 Whilst need oppress'd, and Famine wore me dry.
 No more at Dinner-Time I'll range the *Mall*,
 Or tread the Margin of yon smooth Canal;
 Nor from the Rising, to the Setting Sun,
 Among Duke *Humphry's* famish'd Guests be one
 No more——Henceforth I'll make Three Meals a
 Day,
 And to *Pentack's* or *Brown's* shall find the Way.

So spoke the joyful Youth, and swift he flew,
To purchase Cloaths, but not to purchase New;
For none of all the *Vermin-killing Race*
Could rig *Mac-Dermot* in so short a Space.

A Street there is, thro' *Britain's* Isle renown'd,
In *Upper Holborn*, near *St. Giles's* Pound,)
To which unhappy *Monmouth* gave his Name,
The Darling once of Victory and Fame;
Ten Thousand Habits here attract the Eyes,
Garments of ev'ry Colour, Sort, and Size,
The Rags of Peasants, and the Spoils of Beaus,
Mix'd with *Hoop-Petticoats*, and *Falbeloes*.
Here *Damon's* Birth-Night Suit, to View display'd,
Fills with new Grief the Taylor, yet unpay'd;
There, *Cloe's* Mantua hangs, of Winds the Sport,
In which Ten Winters since, she grac'd the Court.
Here, on one Hook, I oftentimes have seen,
The Warrior's *Scarlet*, and the Footman's *Green*;
And near a broken Gamester's Old *Roqu'laure*,
The tatter'd Pawn of some ill fated Whore;
Hats, *Bonnets*, *Scarves*, (sad Arguments of Woe)
Beav'roy's and *Riding Hoods* make up the Show.

So, if *great* Things may be compar'd with *small*,
Th'impartial Hand of Fate which *mows down all*,
Confounds alike, in one promiscuous Grave,
The Poor, the Rich, the Coward, and the Brave.

168 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

A while, my Muse, O leave *Mac Dermot* there,
Each *Brokers* Wardrobe to survey with Care;
To throw his vile, disgraceful Weeds away,
And quite New Vamp his Tenement of Clay;
And till thy Heroe be completely drest,
Lay by thy native Lyre, and take thy Rest.

C A N T O IV.

Among the beauteous Nymphs of all Degrees,
Who at the Beldam's fought their Pains to ease;
And to the well-known Haunt repair'd unseen,
To drink their Bottle, and divert the Spleen,
A buxom, black-ey'd Widow bore the Bell,
Whose Name was *Rosaline*, as Authors tell.

A rich Old Dotard had enjoy'd her Bloom,
Who now, she thank'd her Stars, was in his Tomb;
Of City-kind, more Opulent than wife,
And from a hundred Rivals bore the Prize;
The Cit, three Winters since, dy'd worth his *Plumb*,
And left her little less than half the Sum.

With Coach and Six this Widow liv'd in State,
Had store of Jewels, ready Cash, and Plate;
Much in the Bank, and much in *South-Sea* Stock,
Nor Chick, nor Child; but one poor darling *Shock*.

Some

Some Time she had frequented this Abode,
Yet in her Eyes unsated Passion glow'd;
And tho' once more she long'd to be a Bride,
Resolv'd to venture on no Youth untry'd.

To gratify this Nymph, if Tales say true,
The famous *Wisebourn* often lay perdue,
And rang'd all Corners of the Town to find,
Sound, wholesome Youths, well-limb'd, and strongly
chin'd;
By Nature form'd to dig in Beauty's *Mine*,
And such alone she brought to *Rosaline*.

But ah! what *Hercules* could fate the Dame?
Or cool with Draughts of Love so fierce a Flame?
The wonted Fever in her Blood remain'd,
And of th' enervate Sex the Fair complain'd.

To her the Bawd the joyful News imparts,
Of her late Conquest, and successful Arts;
And on the Wings of Love she bids her haste,
To glut her Senses with the rich Repast

The Tidings heard, impatient of Delay,
The Widow mounts her Car, and whirls away;
So swift her Speed, her Wishes were so strong,
The sluggish Horses seem'd to creep along.

170 *The CURIOSITY: Or,*

Nor less impatient, flew th' *Hibernian* Beau,
(For the kind Broker now had made him so;)
He flew, and knock'd at the Intriguing Door,
The Nymph and Matron were got in before.

What Muse? what Painter can the Raptures draw,
Which seiz'd the Fair when her new Slave she saw?
When the dear Youth she greedily survey'd,
So well proportion'd, and so strongly made;
He, from his Birth, a Stranger was to Shame;
And met her Transports with an equal Flame;
The conscious Bawd her useless Presence knew,
Submissive drop'd her Curtsey, and withdrew.

Now thy soft Rites, great *Venus*, are begun,
And Twelve delicious Hours too swiftly run;
The Fair One trembles at th' Approach of Light,
And begs of *Jove* to lengthen out the Night:
So well the *Munstrian* Hero play'd his Part,
She freely gave him up her conquer'd Heart;
Amaz'd to find, he call'd for no Recruits
Of strength'ning Jellies, nor *Eringo* Roots.

Have I then found (says she) O lovely Swain!
Those Nerves, at last, I sought so long in vain;
And art Thou only of all human Race,
Endu'd with Strength to meet my fierce Embrace?

Since

Since first in genial Wars I try'd my Skill,
Oft as I fought, I prov'd the Conqu'ror still;
But Thou, triumphant Youth, hast made me yield,
And fairly quit the long contested Field.

The glad *Hibernian* with a Victor's Pride,
Heard his fair Patroness, and thus reply'd:

Dear Nymph, for half the Raptures I have known,
What Monarch would not quit the brightest Throne?
In these soft Arms One blissful Night to lye,
What Shape would *Jove* not condescend to try?
O! blush not, fairest *Rosaline*, to be,
In this Night's Conflict thus outdone by *Me*;
Nor think such Vigour strange in one so young,
For know, from Giant Race, the *Macs* are sprung,
Hibernian Heroes, fam'd before the Flood,
Transmitted to these Veins their ancient Blood;
Who in past Ages *Munster's* Sceptre sway'd,
And on their Shields the Golden Harp display'd.
Were I the Stories of our Woes to tell,
And how the mighty Name of *Dermot* fell;
How my great Ancestors were forc'd from home,
To dwell in Cabbins, and on Bogs to roam;
What fruitful Fields my hapless Fathers lost,
Castles erected at a Princely Cost;
The God of Day would to the Main descend,
Before the melancholly Tale would end;

172 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Thy Swain would quite forget his blifsful State,
And, maugre all thefe Charms, repine at Fate.

Mac-Dermot faid; and juft as he gave e'er,
Th' impatient Bawd unlock'd the Chamber Door;
Behind, Two brawny Amazons attend,
And with a luscious Load their Shoulders bend,
Rich Soups, of *Crayfish* and *Pifachoes* made,
And Wines, that keep up Nature undecay'd.

To the glad Beldam, now the Fair repeats,
Her Lover's Prowefs, and Nocturnal Feats;
What Shocks he gave, and what Affaults ſhe bore;
And once again fights all their Battles o'er.
Meanwhile the ſumptuous Feaſt new Strength im-
parts,

And *Cupid* whets afreſh his pointleſs Darts;
A ſecond Time the cunning Crone withdrew,
A ſecond Time the Conflict they renew:
Weary'd at length, and ſated with the Blifs,
The Lovers dreſs, and take a parting Kiſs;
They part; but firſt, their Transports to repeat,
E'er Ten long Hours were told, agre'd to meet,
Soon as th' unwelcome Sun ſhould end his Race,
And Night drive on her ſable Steeds apace.

Now upward, ſmiling, flew the *Cyprian* Boy,
And told above how *Mac* was form'd for Joy;

With

With Spleen each Goddess heard the wondrous Tale,
And ev'ry fair Cœlestial Cheek grew pale;
Great *Juno* scorns her Ruler of the Sky,
And *Venus* vows in *Drury Lane* to ply.

C A N T O V.

ALAS! how strangely various in their Sway,
With Human Things the Fates delight to play!
How soon their swift Vicissitudes we try,
This Hour deprest, the next are rais'd on high!
For, lo! the Youth, who Life a Burthen thought,
And lately was not worth one single Groat;
Is now inroll'd among the Gay and Bright,
And humble Bankers pay his Bills at Sight.

Fair Plenty's choicest Sweets *Mac-Dermot* knows,
He feeds with Epicures, and talks with Beaus?
Frequents the Ring, the Theatres, the Court,
And scorns to wet his Lips with vulgar Port;
In equal Vogue with *Wilson's* Self he grows,
Nor wears Beau *Brocas* more embroider'd Cloaths.

He daily dines with Lords he never saw,
And keeps the Gaming Bullies All in Awe;
Of distant Palaces, and Castles boasts,
And brags of Favours he receives from Toasts:
Blue-Ribbons from his Box plain *Spanish* take,
And Dutcheßes to him their Silence break.

174 *The CURIOSITY: Or,*

On *Mac* the giddy Rout with Wonder stares,
 In his gilt Chariot drawn by *Flanders* Mares;
 Three Lacqueys loll behind the gay Machine;
 On either Side his Arms and Crest are seen;
 (Those Arms and Crest, which Herald-Books can
 show,
 The *Dermots* gave Two Thousand Years ago;)
 At *Will's*, and *White's*, he saunters half the Day,
 And duly sees an Act of ev'ry Play.

From unexhausted Stores, the bounteous Dame
 Supplies her Charmer, and applauds her Flame;
 An hundred Suitors, she for *Mac* disdains,
 And flights adoring Crowds in Furrs and Chains;
 Makes frugal Knights, and Aldermen despair,
 And scatters Mortal Darts around the *Chair*.

Meanwhile the spiteful Tale is blaz'd Abroad,
 (For when did Rumour spare a Whore or Bawd?)
 How the rich Widow, to her soft Embrace,
 Had charm'd a Hero of *Hibernian* Race;
 How oft they met, and at what Game they play'd,
 How well the Youth perform'd, the Matron paid:
 From Mouth to Mouth, the News is quickly blown,
 And to no Corner of the Town unknown;
 The Fair (an envious Crowd) both Young and Old,
 With secret Pleasure hear the Story told;

With

With darling Scandal they divulge her Shame,
And censure o'er their Tea th' unwary Dame,
Prudes and Coquets both laugh at her Expence,
To the chaste Fair her Conduct gives Offence.

Her Suitors, now, their happy Rival know,
Rage fills their Souls; their Eyes with Anger glow;
These vow Revenge; o'er Steams of Coffee, Those
Lament their Fate at *Garraway's* and *Joe's*;
They see, unmov'd, *South-Sea-Bonds* rise and fall;
And reap no Profit from the *Bank* at all;
Rich Misers, by her Scorn, are half undone,
And *Plumbs* forget to meet on 'Change at One.

Meanwhile, the Widow, with Despair and Shame,
Hears the sad Tidings of her blasted Fame;
By all forsaken, she bemoans her Fate,
And weeps to see her unfrequented Gate;
The Belles no more the formal Visit pay,
Nor smiling, drop their Curtsy at the Play;
Consum'd in vain her waxen Tapers die,
And useless Cards upon her Table lie:
She hears lewd Whispers where'soe'er she goes,
The Scorn of Beauties, and the Jest of Beaus;
The Fair who meet her turn their Heads aside,
And every Nymph she visits is deny'd.

The Weight of so much Woe she could not bear,
Her Cries and Groans, incessant, rend the Air;

176 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

The Cause explor'd, of all the World's Disdain,
Her Sorrow to suppress, she strives in vain;
In vain are Cordial Drams, and Juleps try'd,
And to her Nostrils Chymic Salts apply'd:
Triumphant Spleen her lovely Form invades,
Her Pulse beats slow, and all her Colour fades;
With various racking Thoughts her Soul is rent,
And the big Passion labours for a Vent.

Such have I seen (when Death has shook his Dart
O'er the dear Lap-Dog, *Sylvia's* better Part)
The beauteous Nymph abandon'd to Despair,
Her Eyes all blubber'd, and all loose her Hair;
All Arts her Maids, to save her Darling, try;
Her Men for Surgeons, and for Doctors fly;
Poor *Sylvia's* Thread, and *Shock's* are wove in One,
For if the Puppy dies, the Nymph's undone.

CANTO VI.

NEAR that proud Fabric, fam'd for painted
Scenes,
For Trap-Doors, Chariots, Dragons, and Machines;
Where squeaking Eunuchs thrill th' *Italian* Song,
And *Heidegger* invites the motly Throng;
There stands a Dome, to Gamesters known full well,
Where Heirs are taught to Mortgage and to Sell;
Above, on Tables Heaps of Gold are pil'd,
By which unwary Mortals are beguil'd;

Below,

Below, a Matron, far advanc'd in Years,
To the fair Croud retails her brittle Wares.
'Twas here *Mac-Dermot* spent his Time at Play,
Among the Youths who Fortune's Pow'r obey,
Fine as a Birth-Night-Beau, and void of Care,
When first the Nymph's Disorder reach'd his Ear;
He could not hide his Pain, he chang'd, he shook,
And from his trembling Hand let fall the Book *;
His Gold in Hastè put up, he left his Chair,
And flew, impatient, to relieve the Fair.

Extended on her Couch, in loose Array,
With Looks confus'd his weeping Mistress lay;
And when her dear expected Swain she saw,
She gave her Maids the Signal to withdraw.

Thou loveliest, dearest of thy Sex, she cry'd,
Whom bounteous Nature form'd with All her Pride,
In whom a thousand blended Charms unite;
Soft to the Touch, and lovely to the Sight,
O! lend thy wretched Patroness an Ear,
And ease a Heart that's breaking with Despair!
If I, unknowing to conceal my Flame,
To raise thy Fortune have undone my Fame;
Have slighted Citizens of high Degree,
Rich Knights, and weighty Aldermen for Thee;

H 5

If

* *The Cards given to the Punter at Faro, are so called.*

178 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

If this Embroider'd Suit, this *Flanders* Lace,
 This flaxen Wig, whose Tye sets off thy Face,
 These sparkling Jewels on thy Finger shine,
 And that proud Equipage, are Gifts of mine;
 Retrieve my Credit, and restore my Peace,
 And cause the Censure of the World to cease:
 Our Hands, this Instant, let the Parson join,
 And all my large Possessions shall be Thine.
 Thus spoke the Nymph, nor fear'd to be deny'd,
 And thus, with Art, the wily Youth reply'd.

Thou best of Women, to whose Purse I owe
 This modish Splendor, and well fancy'd Show,
 That I with Envy, as I pass, am seen,
 And give Ten Thousand gazing Fops the Spleen;
 The Track of Love and Pleasure (known to few)
 In Spite of Scandal let us still pursue;
 That Passion's strongest which is unconstrain'd,
 And to doat long we never should be chain'd;
 Unlicenc'd Love will always burn the same;
 Right palls Possession, and puts out the Flame.

Let Fame (that Hag, who picks up Truths and
 Lies,
 And spreads a Thousand Stories as she flies;
 Whom all the wiser of your Sex disdain)
 Not give my *Rosaline* a Moment's Pain;
 Does batter'd *Jersey* shun the Face of Day,
 Or the fam'd she, whom *Digges* did keep in Pay?

Does

Does youthful *Kingston* cease Abroad to roam,
Or aged *Mobun* to see Gallants at Home?
Then smooch that careful Brow, my angry Fair,
And give the Winds thy Horror and Despair;
Let me be still thus Lovely, Rich and Gay,
And still this Back thy Bounty shall repay;
We'll sport, and revel all our Days and Nights,
And laugh at Priests and Matrimonial Rites.

The Nymph could hear no more, and rising, try'd
To snatch the Rapier from her Traitor's Side;
Her dire Intent the wary Youth foresaw,
And held the Steel too fast for her to draw.
Robb'd of Revenge, the disappointed Fair,
Now look'd a Fury, and was all Despair;
So storms the Lioness, who seeks in vain,
Her new lost Whelps along some *Lybian* Plain;
She foams, she roars, her Paws tear up the Ground,
And distant *Atlas* ecchoes back the Sound.

Hence from my Sight, she cry'd, ungrateful, fly,
Hence, perjur'd Villain, loathsome to my Eye;
Enjoy that Breath I scorn to take, and be
Once more forsaken by the Gods and Me;
Go, bid farewell to all thy borrow'd Pride,
From this too lib'ral Hand no more supply'd;
Lay down thy Equipage, discharge thy Train,
And take thy Lodging near the Skies again;

180 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Behind *St. Martin's* snuff the grateful Steam,
And furnish *Grubstreet* with a dismal Theme;
Henceforth, I sooner to my Bed will take,
Some starving Rhymer, or some worn-out Rake,
Than yield this Body to thy loath'd Embrace,
Thou vilest, falsest of the *Bogland-Race*.

She said, and crush'd beneath a Load of Woe,
Sunk at the Feet of her ungrateful Beau;
All pale, and speechless, in a Trance she fell,
Alas! the Trance resembled Death too well!
Mac thought her dead, and hasting to withdraw,
Within his reach a curious Casket saw;
The Wealth of *Ormuz* and *Mogul* was there,
White Rows of Pearl, and Brilliants passing fair;
Rich Buckles that were wont to deck her Stays,
And Pendants, often seen at Balls and Plays;
A striking Watch, and Tweezers richly wrought;
Of *Mather* these, and that of *Tompion* bought;
A Thousand precious Toys, and Trinkets more,
Inchanting Sight! made up the shining Store.

The God of Sharpers, if Report say true,
Before the Swain these strong Temptations threw;
Unknowing to resist, he snatch'd the Prey,
Blest his kind Stars, and softly went his Way;
Thro' unsuspecting Crowds he bore the Prize,
Nor once relenting, backward cast his Eyes.

Here,

Here, O my Muse! thy tedious Song conclude,
Nor tell what Clamour and what Rage ensu'd,
When from her Fit awak'd, the Nymph no more
Beheld her perjur'd Beau, nor precious Store.
Nor cross the Main the flying Youth pursue;
For cross the Main 'twas said *Mac-Dermot* flew;
But whither to the *French* or *Belgian* Coast,
Or that warm Soil where strutting Natives roast;
Or his own *Bogland*, where *Potatoes* grow,
My gentle Reader's not in Pain to know.

To far more glorious Themes, fond Maid aspire,
And Tune to nobler Strains the quiv'ring Lyre;
Inform the World what Motive led from far,
To the *Seine's* Banks the mighty *Russian* Czar;
How dreadful *Eugene* shakes his *Roman* Lance,
And Prelates War in *Post-Boys* and *Courants*. *

* *Alluding to the Public Advertisements between*
Bp. Hoadly, and his Antagonists in Relation to his
Sermon, Of Christ's Kingdom, preach'd before the
King, 1717.



THE
PARSON'S DAUGHTER.
A
T A L E.

For the Use of pretty GIRLS with small
FORTUNES.

—— facilis discensus Averni

Sed revocare Gradus ——

Hoc Opus hic Labor est.

Virg.

CLOE a Country Vicar's Daughter,
Had many useful Lessons taught her;
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,
And David's Psalms by Heart could say;

Would

Would hurry when Bell rung for Pray'rs,
Ready to break her Neck down Stairs;
Nor would be absent from *Confession*,
At any Mortal's Intercession:
Was caution'd never to be idle,
But either read or use her Needle.
(Thus was she often told her Duty,
The old Man knowing her a Beauty
With little Money, which the more
Expos'd her to become a Whore.)
No Pains were spar'd to make her good:
But, ah! how frail is Flesh and Blood,
When to the wide World left alone,
No Will to follow, but its own?
For tho' she promis'd very fair,
While underneath her Father's Care,
Yet she, as soon as *Dad* was dead,
Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*;
Resolving strait to be a Bride,
And taste of Pleasures yet untry'd;
But still intends to guard her Honour,
Whatever Longings are upon her;
Having been taught, that Fornication
Is a great Sin, tho' much in Fashion.
With this Design, to Town she came,
Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame;
Nelly! of all her Sex the worst;
Nelly! by Hundreds daily curst,

Whom

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Whom she by Artifice had won,
To sell themselves, and be undone.
(Before we any farther go,
'Tis fit her Character we show.)

A Bawd she is of great Renown,
Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town ;
All Batchelors that use her House,
May have each Night a diff'rent Spouse.
Without th'intolerable Fetter,
Of being link'd for Worse or Better.
No married Man, but there may find
Variety, when so inclin'd.

She has a ruby shining Face,
Which some may think th'Effect of Grace ;
As *Moses* when the most enlighten'd,
So much the more his Visage brighten'd ;
For she can counterfeit Devotion,
And of Religion has this Notion,
That doubtless That must be the Best,
Which with most Ease will make her blest ;
That where Indulgences are given,
Is sure the nearest Way to Heaven.

Oh ! happy those, who in a Trice,
Thus free themselves of ev'ry Vice ;
Can sin afresh, and run o'Score,
And reckon for what's past no more.

With

With *Origen* she hopes Salvation,
Believing there is no Damnation ;
But Whores, and Rogues, and Bawds shall be
Blessed to all Eternity.
Small Need of any Pains and Care,
Of Watching, Fasting, daily Pray'r,
If ev'ry Sinner, spite of Fate,
Must enter at the narrow Gate.

And tho' because her Deeds are evil,
She chuses Darknes like a Devil,
Yet will she light her little * *Sodom*,
On † Tenth of *June*, from Top to Bottom ;
Wishing to see the Dissolution
Of all our Laws and Constitution ;
For if this ~~Gov~~ernment might cease,
She might be sure to bawd in Peace :
Knowing there would be * * Toleration
For whoring in a Popish Nation.

See loves *Sachev'rell* in her Heart,
And never fails to take his Part ;
Blindly believes whate'er he said,
More than the *Testament* or *Creed* ;

Think

* Her House so call'd for its Wickedness.

† *Pretender's* Birth-day.

* * The Reason why Women are for the *Pretender*.

186 *The* CURIOSITY: Or,

Thinks him the Church's best Support,
Tho' *Priest* and *Punk* care equal for't.

She could prove pimping was no Shame,
For *S*———*b* pimp'd for *A*———*m* ;
That Incest is a trivial Matter,
Since pious *L*—*t* carefs'd his Daughter ;
That Whoring is a lawful Trade,
Since ev'ry Thing for Use is made ;
And that it can be no Abuse,
To put Things to their proper Use.

With *Cloe* soon she got acquainted,
And all her former Virtues tainted ;
Taking Advantage of her Want,
She often to her thus would cant ;
What, tho' all such as cannot tarry
Rather than burn are bid to marry,
Yet if none tasted Love's Delight,
But those who lawfully come by't,
Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,
Before she'd meet a Man would mind her,
If she'd be nothing but a Wife,
To have, and hold, during her Life.
It seems but Reason good, therefore ;
Rather than burn, to play the Whore :
This Talent to our Sex, kind Heav'n,
To be made Use of, sure has giv'n.

Ought

Ought not those Ladies then to boast,
That have improved it the most ;
Not like a Nun shut up in Abby,
Their Talents in a Napkin lay by ;
For doubtless, to conceal one's Light
Under a Bushel, is not right.

Then, as *St. Paul* says (mind the Letter) -
Those who don't marry, *do what's better* ;
Which plainly must some *At* imply,
I see no Reason to deny.

The Action you will guess with Ease,
'Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you please.

Then prithee, *Cloe*, be advis'd ;
Good Offers should not be despis'd ;
A present Settlement accept,
And where's the Harm of being kept ?
That *Norwich* Crape and humble Pattin,
You'll change for Coach and Gown of Sattin,
Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Mecklin*,
Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.
Ah ! why should so Divine a Creature
Neglect the choicest Gift of Nature ?

Too easy, *Cloe* quickly proves,
Persuaded to the Thing she loves ;
Thought all was Reason *Nelly* said,
And Folly still to live a Maid ;

When

188 *The* CURIOSITY: *Or,*

When she might purchase Wealth and Pleasure
By parting with an useless Treasure ;
She soon forgets to say her Pray'rs,
And learns to practise Coquet Airs ;
Hates Sermons, which in former Days
She lov'd, as Prudes do bawdy Plays ;
Left off the Reading heavy Chapters,
And only relish'd melting Raptures,
Such as she met with in Romances,
Where dying Lovers fall in Trances :
And now upon her Toilet's seen
A Rochester, and Arctine ;
The Works of *Ovid's* am'rous Pen
She reads, admires, and reads again,
Thinking it would more useful prove,
To study his soft *Art of Love,*
Then what dull Patriarchs us'd to do
Three or four thousand Years ago.

The gilded Prospect gay appears,
And seems to promise happy Years ;
A thousand Pleasures fill her Mind,
Nor sees she Want and Shame behind ;
Considers not with how much Haste
Her Youth and blooming Beauty waste ;
That when the Date of Charms are out,
The Wheel of Fortune turns about,
And those who were at first but poor,
Leaves often lower than before ;

Which

Which she at last experienc'd true,
(Her happy Days, alas! were few)
Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes,
No more her faded Charms entice;
She in her Summer took no Care
For Age and Wrinkles to prepare;
Therefore when dropt by keeping Cullies,
Became a Prey to needy Bullies;
And now in Allies Centry stands,
To get her Living by her *Hands*;
She lays on Paint as thick as Butter,
To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,
Which pinching Poverty and Care,
Poxes and Time, have fixed there.

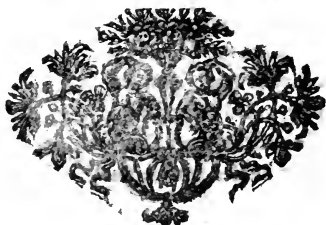
She that when Young would blush to hear
A Word unfit for Maiden Ear,
Will now talk Bawdy with the Best,
And fancy every Oath a Jest;
She that was once as just as any,
Now picks a Pocket for a Penny;
And then, to silence sharp Remorse
For what is past, or Fear of worse,
She finds a Way that's most effectual,
And drowns her Senses intellectual.

MORAL.

M O R A L.

From hence let Females learn to shun
 Those Wiles which *Cloe* have undone;
 Not to be fool'd by promis'd Bliss,
 Of fancy'd Joys, and Happiness.
 Sin is but slightly varnish'd o'er;
 Rather be virtuous, tho' poor;
 For such a Wonder's rarely known,
 As, *A lewd Woman honest grown.*

So, when a River's rapid Course
 O'erflows its Banks with mighty Force,
 Then all Endeavours are in vain,
 To turn it to its Bounds again.





T H E

Ladies Tutor :

O R,

INSTRUCTIONS

For Making *LATIN* VERSES,

Hexameter & Pentameter

Which shall be good Sense, true
Concord, and right Verse, according
to all the Rules of *PROSODIA* :

Even by *Those*, who do not understand the
easiest Word in *Latin*.







The following TABLES are contriv'd to make Hexameter Latin Verses.

Observe these several Directions following.

I. **E**VERY Verse made by these Tables, will be an *Hexameter* Verse, and will be made up of just six *Latin* Words.

II. When you are about to make any Verse by these Tables, you must write down upon a Piece of Paper, any six of the nine Figures at Pleasure.

III. These six Figures are so many respective Keys to the six Tables.

IV. When you have wrote down six Figures, you begin with the first Figure on the Left Hand, and proceed on to the Right ; — the first Figure belongs to the first Table, the second Figure to the second Table, and so on through the Six.

V. Whatever Number each Figure expresses, you must count the first Square in the Table it belongs to, *one more*, (except the Figure happens to be 9, and then the first Square begins as 1) as for Exam-

I

ple,

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ple, the Figures I propose, shall be 571429; here the first Figure on the Left Hand is 5, then I call the first Square in the first Table 6, and so proceed, always stopping at the ninth Square, setting down the first Letter a Capital, as the first Letter in the first Word in the Line, which is here *H*, then proceed with the next Square immediately following *H*, calling it one, still setting down the Letter which is in the ninth Square, which is here *o*, and so proceed till the ninth Square is blank, which shews you that the Word is ended, and the first Word out of the first Table will appear to be *Horrida*.

And so proceed in the same Manner with the second Figure 7, and second Table, and the second Word will be *signa*: — And the third Figure 1, will produce out of the third Table the Word *palam*. — The fourth Figure 4, will produce from the fourth Table the Word *producunt*. — The fifth Figure 2, will produce out of the fifth Table the Word *agmina*. — The sixth Figure being 9, I begin with the first Square in the sixth Table, as 1, and so on, and it produces the Word *sæva*. So that the whole Line is,

Horrida signa palam producunt agmina sæva.

N. B. After the same Method, by the different Changes of the nine Digits, may be made out of these Tables 300,000 Verses and upwards.

I. TABLE.

<i>t</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>u</i>
<i>g</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>n</i>
<i>s</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>s</i>
<i>r</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>i</i>
<i>r</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>d</i>		<i>m</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>		
<i>a</i>				<i>e</i>			<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	

II. TABLE.

<i>f</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>i</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>g</i>
<i>m</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>n</i>
<i>l</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>a</i>		<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>l</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>t</i>		<i>e</i>				<i>a</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>		

III. TABLE.

<u>s</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>e</u>
<u>o</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>o</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>e</u>	<u>q</u>	<u>r</u>
<u>t</u>	<u>i</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>i</u>	<u>i</u>
<u>s</u>	<u>i</u>	<u>e</u>	<u>o</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>i</u>	<u>s</u>		
	<u>t</u>		<u>m</u>	<u>n</u>			<u>s</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>t</u>
	<u>t</u>		<u>t</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>t</u>		<u>s</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>t</u>
<u>t</u>	<u>t</u>								

IV. TABLE.

<u>p</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>c</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>p</u>	<u>r</u>
<u>r</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>o</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>o</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>æ</u>	<u>o</u>
<u>o</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>o</u>	<u>n</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>æ</u>	<u>o</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>m</u>
<u>t</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>n</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>ø</u>	<u>i</u>	<u>i</u>	<u>e</u>
<u>u</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>n</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>n</u>	<u>c</u>
<u>r</u>	<u>b</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>a</u>
<u>u</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>g</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>n</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>n</u>	<u>b</u>	<u>n</u>
<u>a</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>n</u>	<u>n</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>u</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>n</u>
<u>n</u>	<u>a</u>		<u>t</u>	<u>t</u>		<u>n</u>		<u>t</u>	<u>t</u>
<u>n</u>	<u>t</u>			<u>s</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>s</u>			<u>t</u>
<u>s</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>s</u>		<u>s</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>s</u>		

V. TABLE.

t	p	p	v	l	f	a	c	s	e
o	r	e	u	æ	g	r	i	m	c
æ	r	m	d	m	i	d	p	u	l
b	i	e	i	m	e	o	l	i	e
n	r	n	i	r	r	a	a	r	a
a	a	n	a	a			a		
	a			e	e		e	e	e

VI. TABLE.

d	s	q	a	p	m	d	n	s	u
æ	u	e	r	u	i	i	æ	r	p
æ	e	a	l	r	g	v	a	e	d
r	v	t	a	r	o			a	b
a	a		a		e	e	m	a	
	e		e	e	e				

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The Number 368125 will produce
Martia damna sequi prænarrunt agmina acerba.

The Number 987654 will produce
Effera fata foris promittunt verbera prava.

The Number 258374 will produce
Barbara bella sequi monstrabunt pocula parva.



*The following Tables are contriv'd to make
 Pentameter Verses.*

THE Manner of Operation for *Pentameters*, is the very same with that of *Hexameters*, with this Difference—that six Figures were required, for six Words, out of the six Tables, and here five Figures are only requir'd, for five Words, out of the five Tables.

EXAMPLE.

The Number 99999 will produce
Noxia procurant astra maligna mihi.

I. TABLE.

t	a	p	i	s	i	t	t	n	e
r	e	m	o	m	r	u	o	t	d
r	p	r	p	i	r	x	r	u	f
r	d	i	s	p	i	i	a	i	o
i	a	t	i	a	c		d	b	d
	i	a		a	e	a	a	a	e
a		e		e					

II. TABLE.

<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>r</i>
<i>r</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>n</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>g</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>d</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>g</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>i</i>
<i>i</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>m</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>m</i>
<i>m</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>t</i>		<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>n</i>	
	<i>t</i>		<i>s</i>			<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>
	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>		<i>s</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>s</i>
<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>						

III. TABLE.

<i>i</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>u</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>t</i>
<i>n</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>b</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>r</i>				<i>a</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>		<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>		
		<i>e</i>							

IV. TABLE.

<i>d</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>o</i>
<i>u</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>d</i>
<i>o</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>t</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>n</i>
<i>n</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>g</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>t</i>
<i>b</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>n</i>		<i>a</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>		<i>a</i>				
<i>a</i>		<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>		<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	

V. TABLE.

<i>n</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>o</i>
<i>l</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>i</i>
<i>b</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>i</i>
<i>i</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>i</i>		<i>s</i>		<i>s</i>
		<i>s</i>	<i>s</i>		<i>e</i>		<i>e</i>		<i>e</i>
<i>e</i>									

56789 will produce,

Improba concludunt acta dolosa mibi.

And contrary, 98765, will produce,

Noxia præstabunt acta proterva viris.

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Errata, Page 62, for can, read can't.

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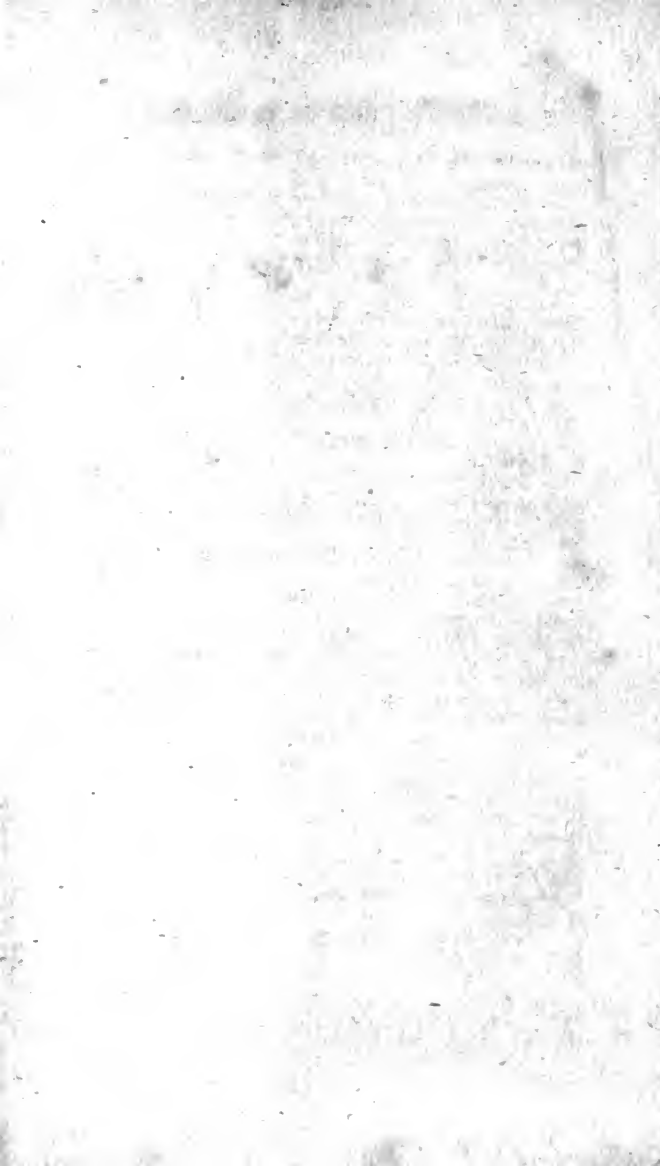
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